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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 862. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1922. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

A CHRISTMAS BOX WORTH £3,000 *See page 23*

The SINS OF SOCIETY

by

"WOODBINE WILLIE"

(Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy M.C.M.A.)

NOW 8D per pkt

Shredded Wheat leads another big reduction in food prices

—for the fourth time in a year. There is not another cereal-food on the market half as good or nearly as cheap.

The biggest packet—the most wheat—the purest and cleanest food—and every shred 100% nourishing. Always seasonable.

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Shredded Wheat

FREE Send your name and full address on a post-card for a liberal trial sample packet. Address to:—The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

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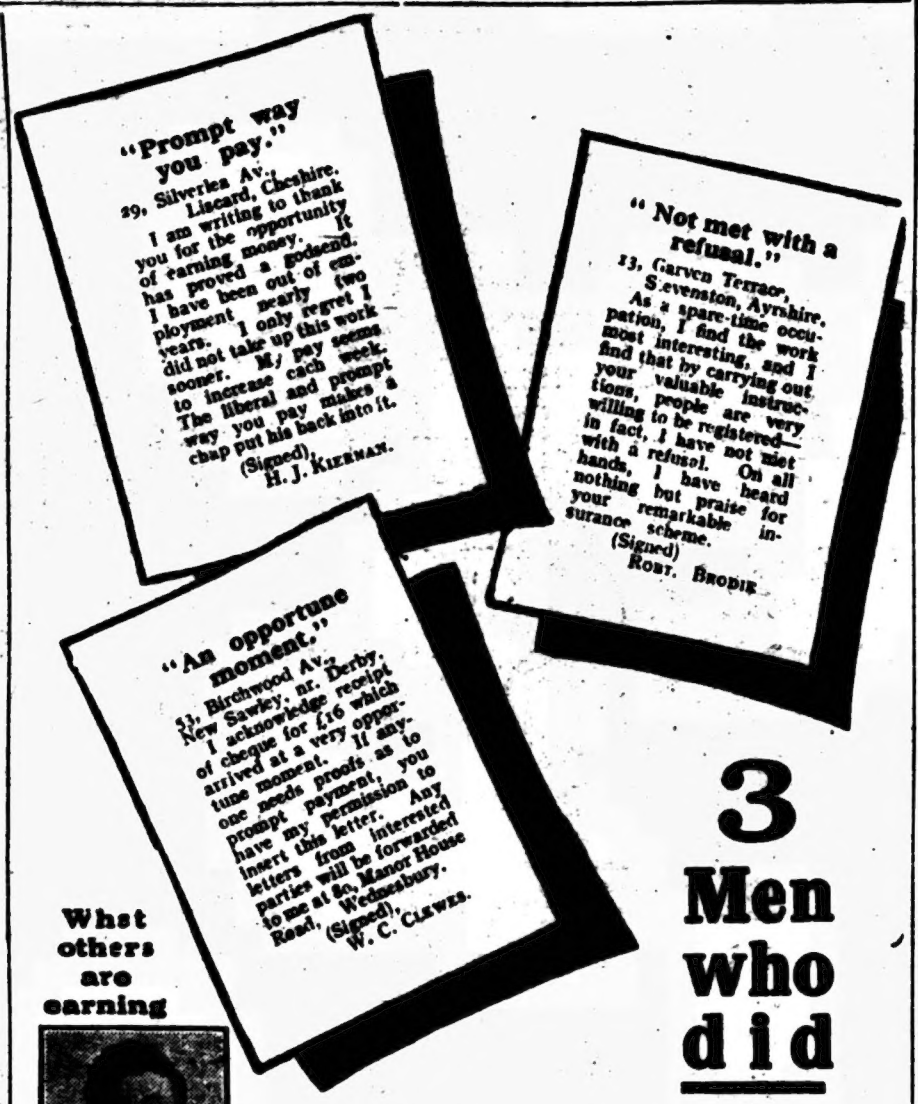
Delicious with butter, cheese, jam, or marmalade.


"Prompt way you pay."
29, Silverlea Av., Liscard, Cheshire.
I am writing to thank you for the opportunity of earning money. It has proved a godsend. I have been out of employment nearly two years. I only regret I did not take up this work sooner. M/ pay seems to increase each week. The liberal and prompt way you pay makes a chap put his back into it.
(Signed) H. J. KIERNAN.
"Not met with a refusal."
13, Garven Terrace, Stevenston, Ayrshire.
As a spare-time occupation, I find the work most interesting, and I find that by carrying out your valuable instructions, people are very willing to be registered. In fact, I have not met with a refusal. On all hands, I have heard nothing but praise for your remarkable insurance scheme.
(Signed) ROBT. BRODIE
"An opportune moment."
53, Birchwood Av., New Sawley, nr. Derby.
I acknowledge receipt of cheque for £16 which arrived at a very opportune moment. If anyone needs proofs as to prompt payment, you have my permission to insert this letter. Any parties will be forwarded to me at 8c, Manor House Road, Wednesbury.
(Signed) W. C. CLEWES.

3 Men who did

What others are earning

GEORGE FLETCHER, 10, High Street, Cradley Heath, earns £7 5s. in one week, as a JOHN BULL Representative.

ARTHUR MARSHALL, 19, Burton Terrace, Dewsbury Road, Leeds, earns £6 15s. in one week as a JOHN BULL Representative.

Efficiency Prize Winners:

The following are the Winners for the week ending Tuesday, Nov. 21st.: First Prize: £3—Mr. S. EDKINS, 4, Holly Grove, Carrington Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. Second: £2—Mr. J. LINES, Mount Pleasant, Fieldgate, Walsall. Third: £1—Mr. A. R. WINTER, 57, Spring Gardens, Doncaster.

THE three men whose letters we quote above, are like hundreds of others who have discovered a splendid source of income in the handsome commissions and bonuses which JOHN BULL is paying its Subscription Representatives. Why don't *you* take up the work? You, too, will be struck by the soundness of the scheme—you, too, after receiving a "good-sized" cheque will "regret not having taken up the work sooner."

You need no previous experience or outlay. We offer you full-time or spare-time employment.

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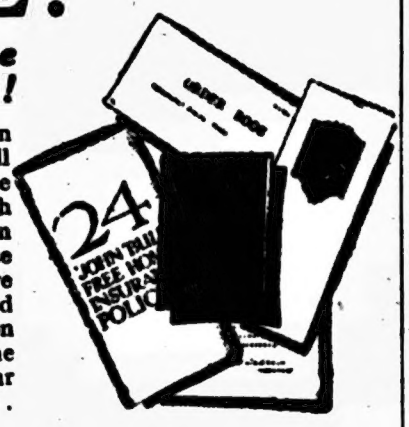

—it explains our plan fully. With it you will receive your Free Working Outfit which will enable you to earn from the start. These well-paid posts are being rapidly snapped up. Sign the Coupon now before someone else steps into your districtahead of you.

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section 2, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

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Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....J.B.9 2.22.

Post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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105 more Claims Paid. Many more not yet published through lack of space. You never know when fire or accident may happen in your home. Register to-day.

FIRE.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—D. J. PARKER, Latimer Road.
DORSET.—G. V. DUNFORD, "The Tiger's Head," Rampisham, Dorchester.
LEWES.—E. S. RABAN, Crink Villa, Barcombe Mills.
HANWELL.—Mr. MATTHEWS, 86, Grove Avenue.
MANCHESTER.—W. WALKER, 28, Lawson Street.
N. B.—W. THOMSON, 5, Market Street, Montrose.
GRANGEMOUTH.—H. RAIN, 19, Dalraths Road.
COVENTRY.—W. J. STONE, 33, Paynes Lane.
HERTS.—C. SUTTERS, 22, Pagent Road.
SHEFFIELD.—T. C. PHILLIPSON, Clifton Square, Handsworth.
Nr. BISHOPS STORTFORD.—A. CAMP, Moor Hall Cottages, Thorley.
BEDS.—G. HUGHES, 83, Norman Road, Luton.
BRIGHTON.—L. REEVES, 1, Steyne Gardens.
Nr WISBECH.—E. TOPP, Basin View, Outwell.
DERBYS.—J. T. SMITH, 4, Dale Terrace, Cresbrook, nr. Buxton.
LIVERPOOL.—W. GRIFFITHS 87, Webster Road, Smithdown Road.
GOREBRIDGE.—J. LENNIE 78, Victoria St., Anniston.
ABERDEEN.—G. DAVIDSON 96, Gt. Northern Road.
MANSFIELD.—H. SHEPHERD, 4, Milton St.
S.E. 9.—W. A. HUDSON, 4, Lovelace Green, Well Hall
N.W.—E. PARKER, 24, Exeter Street, Church Street, Lisson Grove.
SOUTH BANK.—C. HIND, 23, Surrey Street.
N. B.—J. C. CLOW, Waterwheel, Sauchie, By Alloa.
STAFFS.—H. E. COBLEY, 6, Waterloo Street.
DEVONPORT.—A. J. LAMBERT, 34, Victory St.
DEVON.—C. HEARN, Fore Street, Bradford, Brandis Corner.
BRADFORD.—T. WOODVINE, 49, Spring Gardens, Manningham Lane.
Nr. CANTERBURY.—R. COTTON, The Bank, Petham.
PLYMOUTH.—E. J. ALLEN, Boringdon Arms, Turnchapel.
GLAM.—W. DAVIES, 15, Sunny Bank, Penlocks, Treharris.
GLOUCESTER.—C. M. NEILSON, 86, Bristol Road.
N. SHIELDS.—T. STOCKDALE, 47, Stanley Street, W.
ESSEX.—A. E. RAYNER, 3, Percy Road, Goodmayes.
S. WIMBLEDON.—W. JACKSON, 69, Leyton Road.
ANERLEY, S.E.—E. BLACKNEY, 13, Marlow Road.
W.C. 1.—L. HIGGINSON, 5, Dyott Street, New Oxford Street.
WORCS.—W. J. ROBERTSON, 30, Tanfield Road, Dudley.
HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.—E. CAMPBELL, Nesham Arms, Mount Pleasant.
WIMBLEDON.—E. A. CUTLER, 29, Clarence Road.
FIFE.—L. CARMICHAEL, Clune Road, Gowkhall, Nr. Dunfermline.
S.W.—F. PEARCE, 82, Clapham Park Road.
LANCS.—J. BROWN, 65, Devon Street, St. Helens.
VENTNOR.—A. HOAR 114, High Street.

STORM.

SOUTHSEA.—E. EVANS, 56, Sackville Street.

FLOOD.

SOUTHAMPTON.—A. TRIBBICK, 78, Bevois Valley.
LANCS.—A. LONGSTROTH, 4, Woodville Road, Brierfield.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£3 per week.)

HANTS.—W. G. DIMMICK, "Butkbova," Park Gate, Southampton.
S. WALES.—W. ROBERTS, Brythorr House, Dunvant.
BIRMINGHAM.—J. W. HAWKINS, Shandlow House, 59, Bristol Road.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS. (£1 per week.)

LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. F. READ, 3, Sunnyside Terrace, Victoria Road, Oulton Road.

£100 Fire Claim.
DEVON.
W. H. SPARKES, Higher Rollistone Farm, Tavistock.

£45 Fire Claim.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES.
W. KIRK, 16, Mitre Street.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS (£1 per week).

KING'S LYNN.—Mrs. D. GRIMES, Rose Cottage, East Lexham.
CHESHIRE.—Mr. A. SWINDELLS, 55-57, Ingersley Road, Nr. Macclesfield.
KENT.—J. A. SHARP, Coombe Lodge, Swanscombe.
NORWICH.—W. RUTHERFORD, 8, Norman Road
MANCHESTER.—L. FRENDT, 326, Bury New Road, Nr. Broughton.
YORKS.—G. E. GOWER, 21, Bismark Street, Leeds.
Nr. BRIDGEND.—Mr. DOBBS, 20, Banado Street, Nantyfyllon.
SOMERSET.—C. BISHOP, The Lodge, Henlade, Taunton.
PADDINGTON.—M. EASTMAN, 44, Great Western Road.
LEICESTERSHIRE.—F. BURBRIDGE, Weir Road, Kibworth Beauchamp.
PLAISTOW.—J. H. FRANKLIN, 13, Colone Street.
S. WALES.—M. A. TAYLOR, "Richmond," Highfield Road, Colwyn Bay.
ABERDEEN.—J. SKINNER, 376, King Street.
GLASGOW.—D. BUTLER, 223, Hospital Street.
LEEDS.—J. D. JUBB, 3, Wilkinson Street.
STEPNEY.—T. DRISCOLL, 176, Old Church Road, Commercial Road.
WATERLOO, S.E.—M. E. CURGENVEN, 15, Roupell Street.
SCOTLAND—R. CLIFFORD, 20, Castle St., Rutherglen.
SUNDERLAND—E. P. BUTLER, 5, William St., Grangetown.
BLAENAVON, Mon.—M. MATTHEWS, 47, James St.
HULL.—B. BARNETT, 79, Cumberland Street.
SHEFFIELD.—F. HILL, 4, School-houses, Hackenthorpe.
LUTON, Beds.—F. J. GLOVER, 34, Kimpton Rd.
NUNHEAD.—E. PRICE, 33, Nunhead Grove.
YORKS.—M. DAWSON, 2, Bungalows, Port Mulgrave, Hinderwell.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Col. J. T. POTTER, Hill House, Queen's Road.
BRISTOL.—A. TOTT, 4, Lebeck Cottages.
LONGTON, Staffs.—S. BROUGH, 124 Anchor Rd.
NORTHAMPTON—R. JENNINGS, 4, Abbey Park Terrace, Weedon Road.
Nr. BARNSLEY.—G. DEARMAN, Daykin Brook, Cawthorne.
BRISTOL.—S. A. FIRKS, 26, Albany Road, Sussex Road.
LINCS.—W TOPLISS, Union Road, Caister.
DUNDEE.—E. PRIOR, 3, Campbell Street, Lockee.
MANCHESTER.—E. JONES, 121, Chorley Road, Swinton.
BIRMINGHAM.—R. BELBIN, 13, Runcorn Road.
NORTHUMBERLAND.—J. H. STEPHENSON, 58, Newburgh Road, Amble.
LEEDS—W. STYKES, 17, Rillbank Road
GLAM.—W. WESTWOOD, 11, Bethanie Street, Maisteg.
HANTS.—S. A. NEWMAN, 27, Voller Street, Landport, Portsmouth.
NUNHEAD.—S. H. WARD, 13, Nunhead Grove.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. BEETISON, 3 22 Upper Sutton Street, Aston.
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EDMONTON.—E. SAVILLE, 96, Longhedge Lane.
DULWICH.—S. SLINN, 147, Clive Road
HARLESDEN.—H. B. SMITH, 10, Glynfield Road.
Nr. COVENTRY.—M. STEPHENS, Waste Lane, Balsall Common.
SHEFFIELD.—J. STYKES, 42, Sarah Street, Brookhill.
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Continued on page 25.

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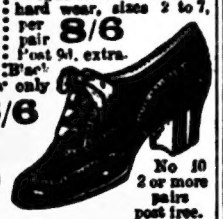

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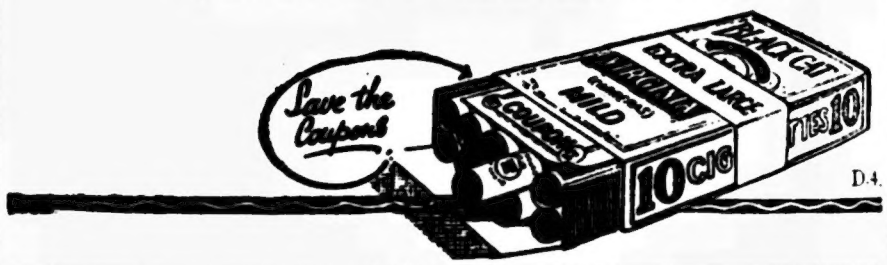

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£5 will be paid to any person sending a correct forecast of the number of "K.C." knife cleaners that will be sold during the month of December. Failing the correct number, the prize will go to the competitor sending the nearest forecast. The number, certified by a qualified accountant, together with the name and address of the winning competitor (to whom a cheque for £5 will be sent), will be published in this paper on January 9. Entries close on December 20.

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Number sold during October was 93,228.

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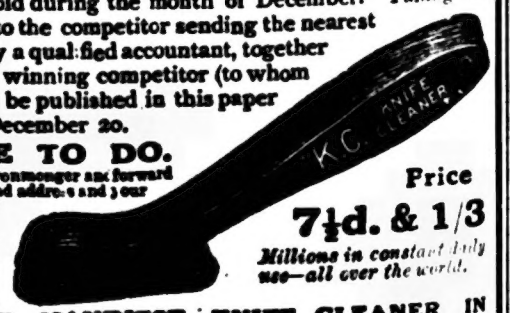

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Vol. XXXII. No. 863.
Week ending Saturday,
Dec 9. 1922. Twopence

JOHN BULL

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Telephone: Gerrard 9866
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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth,

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

A Black Crime.

The campaign of murder initiated by the Greek Revolutionary Government is a blot on European civilisation. In the circumstances the withdrawal of our diplomatic representative from Athens was inevitable. If he had stayed, the British Government would have been accessories after the fact to a revolting crime.

Nemesis.

For we cannot shirk our responsibility. In the fatal errors of policy for which they have paid the death penalty, the executed Greek Ministers were aided and abetted by the Coalition Government. If these men had not trusted the advice of a British statesman they would have been alive to-day.

Never Again.

There is one redeeming feature : the pro-Greek policy of the late Government is at last dead and damned. But the cost of "backing the wrong horse" has been terrible.

Oil and Water.

The riddle of the sands in Mesopotamia is answered by the word "oil." But we will not scatter our money like water to make Mespot safe for the oil-kings. See what A.G.G. has to say on another page.

Real Responsibility.

Mr. Bonar Law does not believe in one-man Government. He is making his Ministers take full responsibility for their respective Departments. Unless they can manage their jobs they must make way for someone who can.

An Easier Job.

Do not be misled by stories about the Premier's health. He is finding it less difficult to lead the orchestra than to play second fiddle to a virtuoso like Mr. Lloyd George.

The Trade Wind.

Trade is beginning to revive—and the new Government is entitled to credit for helping substantially. But we have a long way to go. It is better not to shout till we are out of the wood.

Pussyfooting the Bill.

The American ship *President Roosevelt* had to wireless for brandy for its sick crew. This is but a single item in the price of Pussyfootism.

Political Arithmetic.

The Independent Liberals are in a dilemma. They want Liberal re-union by adding the National Liberals and subtracting Mr. Lloyd George. And the sum cannot be worked out.

Watch Simon.

The ex-Premier is making himself agreeable, and offering to efface himself in the interests of the Party—even to the extent of serving under Mr. Asquith. But the man to watch is Sir John Simon.

Looking Ahead.

The retirement of Mr. Asquith from active politics is nearer than most people imagine. No doubt knowledge of this fact has encouraged L. G. in his eagerness for Liberal unity.

Disillusioned.

After all it was only when the wily ex-Premier discovered that Mr. Austen Chamberlain had lost his enthusiasm for "co-operation" that the "unity" idea seized him. What a game it is!

Junkerism Looks Ahead.

The Junkers, if we let them, will deceive us again. Their plan is to build up a Russian army, and ultimately join it in an attack on France. Prevention is better than cure. The Junkers' game must be stopped.

The Real Issue

The supporters of Earl Haig and Marshal Foch are not unanimous in the controversy that has arisen on the subject as to who won the war. The public is cold : its chief concern is how to win the peace.

What Happened to Jones.

Something of his old schoolmaster manner was in evidence when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald gave Jack Jones the severe talking to that caused him to apologise for the "dirty dog" outburst. At any rate, Jack looked as though something unpleasant had happened to him.

Profiteering.

It would be well were the Government to seek with diligence the enterprising Hebrew gentleman who acquired for next to nothing the site for Sir Percy Cox's palace at Bagdad and then sold it to the British authorities for sixty thousand pounds. There are ugly rumours afloat.

The Right Spirit.

Nursing no resentment for his rebuff at the polls, Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, a glutton for public work, is now serving as Chairman of the Committee on Unemployment. The odds are that he will be back in the House of Commons soon enough to expound the new schemes of relief

British Empire Exhibition.

The Exhibition authorities admit that they used Baltic timber for this all-British project. Will they admit that any of it came from Soviet Russia ?

Boche Bluster.

The *Deutsche Zeitung* reminds its readers that Germans can "make their enemies' lives hell." It might cool their heads if we searched their pockets.

A Real Difficulty.

France's idea that we should cancel our debt to her and then lend Germany the money to pay its debt to France is ingenious. The drawback is that the British lion is not a milch-cow.

Led and Misled.

The unemployed who marched on London began to go home as soon as they found they were being led by Communists. Work is being found for the workless. More must be found. The "Bolshies" will not provide it.

A Laughing Matter.

In the Criminal Appeal Court the plea of insanity was entered in the cases of two men under sentence of death. Justice Darling provoked "laughter" in opposing each appeal. The hangman's quip is now awaited.

The Way the Money Goes.

Mr. Ronald McNeill admits that the British Government is "considering" giving financial assistance to the ex Sultan. This is cheering news for the unemployed of this country, especially for those who fought against Turkey.

Making Unemployment.

Cannot the Government wake up the departments responsible for giving sanction for schemes already adopted by local authorities and private employers ? So many are held up simply because Bureaucracy is quibbling over the plans.

Still Considering.

The Foreign Office is still "earnestly considering" the suggestion of the French Government that passports should be dispensed with for subjects of the Allied nations. It was only three years ago that the suggestion was made. They think hard at the Foreign Office.

Dividends v. Doles.

Railway shareholders fear that they may lose their dividends if they finance work for the unemployed. But State doles are a loss to everyone, including railway shareholders, while money spent in wages leads to prosperity—and comes back to some extent in fares.

Tranquillity in a Cave.

That he has been forced "to live like a wild beast in a cave" was given in evidence, and "death from exposure" was the verdict at the inquest on an Ashington labourer sixty years of age. Tranquillity at last.

And Under the Arches.

Starvation was the Doctor's testimony and death from natural causes was the verdict passed on an unknown woman of sixty found dying under the Arches at Charing Cross. On admission to Charing Cross Hospital she too found tranquillity.

Hapless and Hopeless.

It was reported on the same day as were the foregoing cases that a woman living in one room with an unemployed husband and seven children had attempted to drown herself. So also an unemployed carman. These sought tranquillity, but in vain.

Pathetic Tragedy.

William Henry Courtney, aged 65, of Birmingham, was found with his head in a gas oven after remarking that he was getting old and was not so quick at his work as he used to be. He had no trouble of any other kind. It seems a pity that a man of his age is not only unable to enjoy a restful time, but has to work to the end with a growing sense of failing power!

Bartering Honour.

A pitiful story of how a mother had to barter her honour in order to save her child's life was unfolded at the Grimsby Police Court. The woman was separated from her husband, and with her boy at death's door and no food in the house, she was driven to do wrong to get money for his sake. Now for this act her maintenance order has been annulled. Another instance of where the woman pays.

A Canon on His Tower.

Why do some members of the police force resort to petty trickery to secure their ends? Canon Gowing, of St. Mary's, Southend, says they borrowed his tower on the pretence of observing the roads, but actually used it to organise a betting raid on the Spread Eagle Hotel, opposite. The police prosecution failed, and the Canon is angry that he should be suspected of complicity in the matter. His feelings do him credit, but the police deserve censure.

Overbearing Officialdom.

Nellie Hayward, a child of eleven, returning to Crowland Road Council School, Tottenham, after a fortnight's illness consequent upon the compulsory removal of her tonsils, was pounced upon by a school health official, who declared her head to be verminous, and straightway dragged her to the clinic, where she was cropped like a heathen Chinee. Such drastic treatment without reference to the parents is typical of the manner in which officialdom nowadays usurps parental authority. And it is utterly wrong.

A Grave Responsibility.

One half the world knows not how the other half lives. At a Liverpool inquest on Robert Lucas, it was stated that the mother of the child was found nursing the dead baby. The father, a labourer, was out of work, and the relief money was not sufficient to maintain his family of five. The child died of slow starvation. A wise jury found that the child's death was not due to criminal neglect, although there was some neglect. The pity is that the responsibility for a family living under starvation conditions was not fixed.

The A1 Spirit.

Messrs. Fletcher, Burrows and Co., colliery proprietors of Lancashire, have decided to give each regular employee a Christmas hamper of good things, ranging from turkey to beef sausages. In addition, the firm will distribute 300 tons of coal among the Manchester unemployed. This is the kind of practical sympathy we like.

A Lucky Dog!

Detective Sergeant M'Nee was sound in his judgment when he described Charles Henry Ridge, of Kingsley Avenue, Broughton, as one of the biggest hypocrites he had ever come across. While engaged in religious work at two churches, and connected with many missions, Ridge was foisting so-called racing tips upon a gullible public, and committing embezzlement. Gaol for six months is none too much for a man of his type. There will be no tears shed over his fate.

A Heart of Stone.

John Mahoney, a stonemason, must have absorbed into his heart some of the stone he works on, else he would scarcely have kicked a harmless little terrier, barely out of its puppyhood, so ferociously that he broke its shoulder bone, making it necessary to put the hapless animal out of its agony. The Bristol Bench accepted the absurd plea of self-defence, and imposed a paltry fine of 10s. Poor dog! Lucky brute!

Economy at Glasgow!

The charge made against the Glasgow Corporation of underpaying the caretakers of the children's playgrounds is not to be overlooked. These men work eleven hours a day in summer for 35s. a week, out of which they are supposed to be able to keep their wives and families and pay rent and taxes. A reduction to 30s. a week, which is now threatened, is hardly believable. The officials should themselves try existence on this pittance.

Guardians Who Do Guard.

We have, unfortunately, more often had occasion to blame Boards of Guardians than to praise them. It therefore gives us the greater pleasure to be able to commend the action of the Lewisham Guardians in refusing to regard ex-Service men in mental institutions as paupers, and in rejecting liability for them from the Ministry of Pensions. These cases are perhaps the most pathetic in the whole gamut of war disabilities, and are entitled to the direct care of the State.

Mercy for the Merciless.

Edward Blake, of 3, Staple Street, Long Lane, S.E., should never have been a carman, for he is the sort of brute totally unfitted to have an animal at his mercy. He flogged the mare under his charge unmercifully, and in the words of a veterinary surgeon "treated it shamefully." The poor animal was half starved, and lame all round. Blake was sentenced at the Guildhall to seven days' hard labour. Why such leniency?

Wake Up, Lancaster!

Until the drunken drivers of motor-cars are more severely punished there can be no safety along the roads. Harold Wrigley, of 65, Cromwell Avenue, Whalley Range, was so drunk recently at Carnforth whilst in charge of a car that he was refused a further supply of liquor at an inn. The chairman of the bench told Wrigley he deserved to be sent to gaol, and that being so it may be asked why the man was not committed. He ought not to have been permitted to escape with a paltry fine of £2 and expenses.

The Price of Honour.

For an indecent assault on a thirteen-year-old girl, Albert Depper (19), boot clicker, of 84, Worcester Street, Bromsgrove, was sent to prison for one month by the Bromsgrove Bench. No wonder such cases are frequent when the honour of young girls is held so cheaply!

The Unborn Banned.

"You cannot have it here," said a Willesden landlord to a prospective mother, "You and your husband must find other rooms." The magistrate to whom she appealed for advice said no court would uphold an application for ejectment if such a reason were given. We should think not, indeed!

A Little Boy's Life.

We have every sympathy with the parents of little Harold Burden, The Warrend, Longwood, who, at the age of 12, died suddenly from extensive tuberculosis. We cannot help wondering, however, why this child was allowed to attend school to within a day of his death. Did the doctor attending him know of this poor lad's plight? The white plague is easily diagnosed, and it is even more easily contracted.

Peeping Tom.

Martin O'Connor, of Greaves Street, is a man for whom none in Blackburn can have sympathy. Along with another man whose name has unfortunately not been made public, he conceived the habit of looking under blinds into a room where people were in bed. When caught and thrashed he had the cheek to issue a summons. This was promptly dismissed by Blackburn's wise magistrates. Men like O'Connor deserve scant consideration.

"Simple Simon Met a Beerman."

Is Mr. H. H. Green, chairman of the Ramsgate bench, which dealt with the case of a German seaman accused of insulting a woman when drunk, as simple as his name implies, or does he only expect beastly conduct from a beast? Though ordered by a policeman to go away, Ludwig Beerman (his name should have condemned him) persisted in following the woman. He was fined 5s., but when his captain pleaded for him, Mr. Green said, "All right, take him back to Germany." A Britisher would have been sentenced and no sympathisers.

Back to Borstal.

We feel a certain regret that the girl Beatrice Motford, of Lewisham, who escaped from the Borstal Institution at Aylesbury—to which she had been committed for three years for shop-breaking—has been re-arrested and sent back to the place of detention of which she seemed to have so profound a horror. She complained of ill-treatment there, and said she would rather undergo six months' imprisonment than complete her term. There is no smoke without fire, and we fear this unhappy girl may have grounds for her complaints.

A Blackguard.

George Holmes, electrician, who was before the Blackpool Magistrates the other day, is a blackguard and a menace to the morals of that resort. Though he has a household towards which he has contributed only five shillings a week, Holmes has friendships with girls and boasts of them. With one engaged girl he paraded with his arm round her waist, squeezed her hand when "stories" were told, and encouraged her to smile into his face. We doubt that even the richly deserved order of £2 a week maintenance to his family would make a man of Holmes.

Underground Day and Night.

In a cellar at 9, Pepper Place, Hunslet, lives a family of eight—father, mother, six boys and girls. They have lived there for three years because they can't get a house. Two of the children have been taken to a sanatorium for consumptives. The father, Abraham Priestley, is a miner, but he says the air in the pit is better than the air in his home. Shades of Mond!

Wonderful Warren.

Messrs. J. R. Warren and Co., of 33, Baker Street, London, W. invite small capitalists to entrust their cash to them, undertaking to pay £1 a week in exchange for £50, £2 a week for £100, and £10 a week for an investment of £500. Messrs. Warren and Co. must be either philanthropists or magicians. But we should want to know more about their methods before handing over our hard-earned cash.

The Honest Taxi Driver.

Some people are much too ready to run to the police and make charges without foundation. Ray Bernard, of Chapel Street, Mayfair, engaged a taxi, missed her jewellery at her destination and promptly charged the driver with theft. Then she found the jewels in her pocket. The magistrate discharged the driver without a stain on his character. Let's hope this Mayfair woman will strive to make amends.

The Yellow Peril.

The recent shocking disclosures relating to the association of white girls with Chinese laundrymen in South Wales should prove enough to cause the authorities to take instant steps to purge our seaports of this yellow peril. That so many of these vile and conscienceless Orientals should be permitted not only to settle in this country but also to debauch our girls with impunity is an appalling scandal. Immediate deportation should be their portion.

Portia—Where Art Thou?

Two cases tried at the Justiciary Buildings, Glasgow, show rather too wide a differentiation in the justice of the sentences. For having stolen a handkerchief from a woman's pocket, Francis McGuire, who had previous convictions, got twelve months' hard labour, while, for having defrauded a firm of a cask of whisky, valued at £157, William Cummings received a similar term without hard labour. Another Portia is needed on the Clyde.

A "Key Money" Scandal.

James Longford, of Northfield Road, Birmingham, was warned by Judge Ruegg, K.C., to be careful how he practised the illegal trick of obtaining "key money" from tenants. This enterprising landlord extracted £20 from William Grindrod in respect of "fixtures," of which the Judge ordered him to disgorge £10, at the same time advising him "not to try it on again, or he might find himself in another court." The acceptance of a premium from a tenant for the key of a house is a criminal offence.

5s. 6d. for a Shave.

A chauffeur had a shave and haircut in the establishment of Harry Brauns, Praed Street, Paddington. Though he asked for no special treatment, he was presented with a bill for 5s. 6d. When he demurred, two assistants threatened him. Fortunately Brauns had omitted to get a licence for his "special treatment" and was fined £30 and 5 guineas costs at Marylebone. The Magistrate described such establishments as "traps for the unwary." His term was far too mild. Such establishments should be closed up altogether.

Pure Milk Move.

We notice with satisfaction that the St. Pancras Borough Council have declined to register chandlers' shops for the sale of milk. Candles, paraffin and dust cannot improve the flavour or quality of the milk.

A Lesson from South Africa.

A Johannesburg Magistrate has given our Justices a lesson in the art of making punishment fit the crime. He had before him a man named Merwe, charged with cruelly lashing a tired horse; and in sentencing him to six weeks' hard labour, expressed regret that he was not able to inflict lashes on him. "You should receive the same punishment as you meted out to the animal," he said. 'Tis pity such measures cannot be adopted in all cases of cruelty to animals.

Mock Justice.

How little even a Salford clergyman may know of the real life of a man! Take the case of James Garvie, of Cardiff Street, Broughton—a mission choirmaster and Sunday-school teacher. A clergyman described him as a Christian, and a man who could be depended upon. It was proved that Garvie was a degenerate, and he was convicted of molesting a little girl. Why the magistrates expressed regret when they saw him in the dock it is difficult to understand. And a month in the second division was no punishment at all.

Just My Luck!

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

NINE out of ten of us if anything goes wrong are wont to exclaim, Just my luck!

We seldom think of the times when luck has been in our favour, though on the law of averages they must be at least as numerous as the others.

When on a visit to America in 1903 I received a useful lesson on this subject.

I happened to be for a few days the guest of a prominent United States citizen—I do not see why I should not mention his name: what I have to relate is entirely to his credit.

It was Fleming H. Revell, head of the well-known publishing house.

The two of us were out on an expedition one day in the neighbourhood of Chicago and were rather late in returning.

Dashing into a railway station we found there was a train in five minutes and not another for hours.

My friend flew to the telephone stand and rang up home. "Just my luck!—will explain later" was all he said.

Then observing my look of surprise, he laughed and added, "It is a rule with all the members of our family to say 'Just my luck!' when things go well with us and to let the household know.

"We find it makes for optimism, for it is wonderful what a lot of good luck we have that we should not notice otherwise."

Things would be almost sure to go well with people who faced life in that spirit.

It is good business to be on the look out for favourable events and fortunate circumstances; it is a way of inviting them.

When a man is "down on his luck," as the saying is, don't tell him so: it doesn't help a bit.

To tell yourself that you are down and out helps to keep you so.

Greet your blessings thankfully and they will multiply.

Unjustifiable Waste.

Because they offered "a continual temptation to young people," the Rowley Regis (Staffs) Council has decided to cut down the fruit-bearing trees in Haden Hill Park and to dispose of the timber. What a waste! Why not have put the kiddies on their honour and proclaimed that the fruit should be distributed among the local poor?

End "Hire-Purchase"!

At West Bromwich County Court Judge Tebbs has drawn attention once more to the iniquity of the hire-purchase system, under which goods are reclaimed should the purchaser fail to pay up regularly. That means all money paid is lost. If all are agreed that the system is a bad and vicious one, why not legislate to alter it?

Just Living!

It is no wonder that our sanatoria cannot cope with the claims put upon them when one learns of the scandals such as that in Airdrie, Lanarkshire, where, in a single apartment house, there were living no fewer than fourteen persons. The room was a double-bedded kitchen, and the ages of the occupants ranged from one to forty years. What are the sanitary inspectors doing?

Touching Confidence.

In one of the Glasgow constituencies on polling day a woman voter was noticed to linger in the polling booth after having recorded her vote. Asked what she was waiting for, she explained that at a meeting the night before the Labour candidate promised that those who voted for him would receive their *rent back*, and she did not intend to leave until she got it. What about the Corrupt Practices Act?

Bogus Sweepstake Tickets.

Thousands of people, including out-of-works, are being victimised in the Midlands by a gang of crooks who are selling worthless sweepstake tickets on the Grand National. The tickets are dated 1920, but there is a blot of ink over the "0" and the vendor writes "1923" alongside, saying the blur is an accident. The tickets bear the name Tattersall's, which is quite unauthorised. Their price is 2s. 6d. Watch for these swindlers!

Who's to Blame?

Someone should be called upon to give a full explanation for the position in which the Southport and District Finance Company has finished its career. Everything has been lost and considerable misery and distress has, fallen on families in all parts of the country. In its picturesque career the company has speculated in a picture theatre, an Association football club in Wigan, a window-cleaning business, a taxi-hiring business, as well as a motor-repairing concern. Its books have been badly kept and its assets squandered and dissipated. Who is to be held responsible?

The "Bale" Ramp.

The Paragon Stores, 14, Girlington Road, Bradford, Yorks., undertake to supply for £1 a bale containing "1 pair Beautiful Heavy White Yorkshire Blankets (full size); 1 pair Long Nottingham Lace Curtains; 1 pair Good Heavy Turkish Towels; 1 pair Fine Quality Ladies' Stockings; 1 pair Fine Quality Gent's socks, etc., etc." But the deluded purchaser of one of these precious bales found that the blankets were of flannelette, the curtains small, the socks and stockings cotton, and the remaining articles of equally shoddy character. One cannot expect much for a pound, but one is entitled to an honest description of the goods.

NIGHTMARES of the MADHOUSE

Fresh Revelations of Shocking Brutality

Despite the publicity we have given to the brutality which often marks the treatment of lunatics, scandals of this nature are still occurring, as this article shows.

OUR demand for the immediate appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the treatment of the 120,000 or more persons who are confined in lunatic asylums and mental hospitals in this country has been received with widespread approval.

From all quarters of the kingdom we have received letters endorsing our attitude and encouraging us to proceed with our agitation until the shameful scandal of the brutal ill-usage of the feeble-minded is swept away for ever.

We need little encouragement, for we have no intention of relaxing our efforts until our purpose is accomplished. The scandal is too enormous, the suffering too terrible, for half-hearted measures.

In furtherance of our object, we publish this week some fresh revelations of shocking brutality.

Camberwell House, Peckham Road, London, S.E., is one of the best-known asylums in the Metropolis. Its administration is probably no better and no worse than that of the majority of such institutions. Let us see what happens there.

A few weeks ago a nurse employed at Camberwell House, named Nellie Henrietta Georgina King, was presented before Mr. Hay Halkett at the Lambeth Police Court charged with committing an assault on an aged woman patient. Possibly because the case was heard on Armistice Day it escaped mention in the Press, but it deserves publicity on account, not only of the brutal nature of the assault, but of what is, in our opinion, the inadequate penalty inflicted by the Magistrate.

The evidence showed that the nurse, not content with knocking the poor old creature's head violently against the woodwork of a shelter in the courtyard, took off her shoe and beat her unmercifully about the head with it, cutting her and causing her to bleed profusely.

Of course the stock excuse was put forward that the patient was dangerous, and that the nurse had only acted in self defence, and the Magistrate, saying that persons in charge of lunacy patients must control themselves even if they are attacked, contented himself with fining the nurse £4.

One can well imagine the demoralising effect on the highly-strung inmates of the spectacle of a nurse belabouring a patient on the head with a shoe and drawing blood!

Nurse King stated that she could uot remember what actually occurred. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the patients, that she will never be reinstated in a position for which she is utterly unfitted.

But that is not all. The same week, at the same asylum, a probationer nurse was severely reprimanded by the Lunacy Commissioners for administering drugs to a patient without authorisation, and for secluding two patients at the same time in one padded room.

What are we to think of the administration of an institution in which it is possible for an unqualified, untrained probationer to have unrestricted access to a powerful and dangerous drug and to be able to administer it to a patient without medical authority or supervision?

What are we to think of two lunatics being shut up together in a padded room where they might do each other all sorts of injuries?

Apart from the reprimand referred to, no action was taken. This probationer, whose ideas regarding the treatment of the mentally deficient are so extraordinary, remains in charge of something like 300 patients at night!

We repeat that the administration of Camberwell House is probably no worse than that of any other similar institution.

Asylum officials frequently resign their posts, appalled at the awful treatment they witness. No wonder it is a common thing for patients to cry out for death to release them from the horrors of the madhouse!

A VIRAGO'S TANTRUMS

Eurasian Termagant and Her Tenants

A brazen woman with the temper of a tigress uses terrorism as an ingenious means of getting money out of unsuspecting families who rent her rooms.

OF all the shrieking, frenzied viragoes known to fiction, it is doubtful whether any can compare with the Eurasian termagant known as Doctor Marjorie Averyl Harcourt, whose extraordinary behaviour on the frequent occasions on which she has of late appeared in the courts has astonished and bewildered judges, counsel, witnesses, and the general public alike.

Some, out of charity if not of conviction, might be inclined to call her mad, but there is such method in her madness that the idea of dementia is difficult to sustain.

The lair of this wild-cat female is at 184, Haverstock Hill, London, N. W., where for the last two or three years she has maintained herself by letting flats to a constant succession of tenants. Her conduct has become so notorious in the neighbourhood that the Hampstead police and public officials do not hesitate to warn prospective tenants of the disagreeable experiences in store for them if they should be tempted into taking a tenancy from her.

Briefly put, her method is to induce people to sign a tenancy agreement and pay anything up to a quarter's rent in advance, together with, in some instances, considerable sums for re-decoration, and then, by a systematic course of insults, abuse, threatening or actual violence, to render their lives such an intolerable nightmare that they are glad to sacrifice the money they have paid and flee the place in order to retain their sanity. Then she promptly re-lets and commences an action for breach of agreement!

In one case heard recently in the Bloomsbury County Court, it was stated in evidence that the tenants, on the night of their arrival, heard her for more than an hour shrieking threats at a young Frenchwoman who was living in the house.

A few evenings later, screams were heard upstairs, and the young woman appealed to them for protection, complaining that she had been assaulted and bitten. They took her into their apartments for the night, and the following morning this amazing virago raved at them for interfering, calling them swine, gutter-snipe, and disreputable scum, eventually working herself into such a frenzy that she became quite incoherent.

Later, after smashing some of their furniture, she became so violent and threatening that a police whistle had to be blown for assistance, and the removal carried out later under protection.

Another tenant who underwent a most alarming and unnerving experience was one who was seeking suitable accommodation in view of his wife's approaching confinement. Dr. Harcourt was pleasant and suave, and quite agreeable to the baby being born there. The man signed an agreement, purchasing furniture and undertaking to redecorate the flat. From the moment he had paid £50 on account of the furniture and a sum in advance for rent, he hadn't a moment's peace.

He was threatened and reviled by this woman in a manner which he had hitherto thought inconceivable, and for his wife's sake he had to go to his former landlord and beg for shelter. He paid the balance due on the furniture and with some difficulty removed it, consoling himself as best he might for the loss of the money he had paid for re-decorating the flat, and the rent he had parted with.

These experiences are typical of those of dozens of Dr. Harcourt's tenants during the past two years, most of whom have found themselves arraigned before the County Court at her behest.

There is surely some limit to such abuse of legal procedure.

It is not surprising that by a special Parliament of the Middle Temple, held on November 18th, she was struck off the Roll of Members of the Inn, as not being a fit and proper person to remain in the Roll, or to be called to the Bar!

MY LORDS OF THE TREASURY . . . Callous Treatment of Invalid W.A.A.C.

CAN the War Office do nothing for poor Jessie Watson, of 16, Heaton Road, Peckham Rye, the invalid W.A.A.C., who has appealed, hitherto in vain, for aid?

Jessie's is a sad story. On the 21st January, 1918, she joined the Q.M.A.A.C. She was passed for admission by two civilian doctors and two Army doctors. A strong, eager and willing girl, she was attached to the Motor Transport Section of the Army Service Corps, and worked for fourteen months at the heavy task of repairing and cleaning motor lorries from France.

Though she had been passed A1 fourteen months before, the work was too exhausting, and she fell ill, ultimately developing the symptoms of tuberculosis. She passed six months in hospital, and spent all her savings—some thirty pounds—in the desperate fight for health.

In 1919 she got the Silver Badge for services rendered. She does not want it. She wants some better recognition that she lost her health in the service of the country.

She applied to the War Office for compensation. She got a stereotyped reply that officialdom was "not satisfied" that her complaint was "specifically attributable" to her service.

What evidence, then, would satisfy My Well-paid Lords of the Treasury? The girl entered the service classed A1 by the War Office's own doctors. Dr. C. M. Peake, who was Medical Controller of the London District, certifies that, in his opinion, her illness is attributable to her service in the Q.M.A.A.C.

Dr. H. G. Cowie, M.D., a distinguished Honours Graduate of Aberdeen, who acted as M.O. for the Camberwell area, certifies that when he examined her for admission to the Q.M.A.A.C. she was quite sound.

The ex-Assistant Administrator of the Q.M.A.A.C. certifies that to the extent of his knowledge the girl's illness was due to the conditions under which she served during the war at Battersea.

Yet My Lords put their opinion against these, and hold out no hope to the poor girl, lying ill from consumption, trying to support her invalid and widowed mother.

"I try and keep cheerful," she says, "but I shall die for want of good food."

My Lords, can you not, before it is too late, do something for this poor girl, who has spent her strength and her little savings, and who is facing death unafraid—and uncomforted—in a land for which she gave her all?

THE WICKED WOMAN OF MAYFAIR

Notorious Harpy's Mysterious Protectors

[In the heart of London's most aristocratic quarter, Queenie Gerald, whom we have repeatedly exposed as a harpy of the worst type, is again conducting nightly orgies of extreme depravity. The police have taken no action in the matter, and the woman actually boasts that certain officials are in her pay. Here we give a plain, unvarnished statement of her demoralising activities.]

WHO is behind Queenie Gerald? Time after time we have directed public attention to the activities of the notorious Queenie, the shameless and brazen wanton who flourishes on the vice and depravity for which she insolently and systematically caters in the West End of London.

Nearly ten years ago she was convicted and imprisoned for keeping a brothel at Piccadilly Mansions. She has apparently long since forgotten that punishment. Certainly the memory of it has in no way deterred her from flagrant and profitable indecencies. She herself laughs openly at the idea of police interference. She boasts that she can "square" officers of the law. She was prevented only this week from opening a brothel in fashionable Portman Square.

It was not the police who prevented her. She was baulked in her scheme by JOHN BULL. Having kept an eye upon her for some time, we had knowledge of her intentions and informed the landlord whose house she had agreed to take of her character and activities.

Last August we exposed this procuress and mistress of nameless revels of sexual depravity, and she fled for a time to Brighton. When she thought the storm had blown over and the police gone to sleep again, she returned and opened a sexual Chamber of Horrors at 9, Maddox Street, W. Again we exposed her. Again she fled. She does not easily abandon her profitable supremacy in infamy. The creature is at her dirty tricks again.

It is an amazing story of persistent flouting of the police, of organised catering for abnormal sexual debauchery that surpasses the dark malpractices of horrible vices hidden in the subterranean dens of Oriental cities.

At her flat at Maddox Street, peers, titled women, actors and actresses, joined in the queue of participators in the shameful orgies she arranged to tickle jaded palates and gratify abnormal lust. Some of her titled clients follow her from place to place, eager to partake of the filthy fare she provides for them.

There is the story of a peer—a worn-out devotee of abnormal pleasures—who recently paid Queenie a three-figure cheque for arranging and stage-managing for him a curious gratification of his desires.

It was his whim to go through the actions of being engaged as a butler by a lady of title. Queenie does not concern herself about the vicious cravings of her debauched clients. Whatever may give them the sensations of pleasure they desire it is her business to provide.

Actually to describe what happened would be impossible in a reputable paper read in the home circle.

For another degraded plutocrat a school scene was arranged. Four or five girls, dressed as schoolchildren, were being instructed by a supposed schoolmistress. The sequel is again unprintable.

On another occasion, she dressed a girl in feathers, to gratify a client who apparently revelled in the atmosphere of promiscuity associated with the poultry yard.

The woman who arranges these tributes to degraded human nature is a vile thing, and as insolent as she is vile. Fleeing from her flat in Maddox Street, she stayed for a week or two at West Halkin Street, S.W.

She was ejected from there. A lady living in the house, who was appalled at what was going on, complained of the indecent language used at the telephone by the new lodger. Inquiries showed that the user was the notorious Queenie.

Her latest enterprise, baulked by JOHN BULL, was an effort to take a large house in the Portman Square neighbourhood, for which as Mrs. Gertrude Gaynor, of Gorton, Manchester, she had offered to take a lease at £550 a year.

The landlord, Mr. Sabner, of Adam Street, whose tenant, Mr. Ferguson, proposed to make the letting to "Mrs. Gaynor," was shown the articles in JOHN BULL and told who Mrs. Gaynor really was. When he knew the kind of person the new tenant was, he promptly refused to sanction the letting, though Queenie insolently threatened legal proceedings.

Queenie did her best, and failed, though she gave three references. One purported to come from her bankers, one from a Baroness—a well-known and notorious woman—and a third from a solicitor, of Fleet Street, on whose official notepaper it was written.

How does this brazen and shameless woman dare to impose on people as she does? She herself says that she does not fear the police. During her sojourn at her last address she was visited repeatedly by a police-officer. Queenie boasts that she herself shows him personal favours and keeps him in her pay. She also boasts payments to a police inspector. People who know Queenie intimately and are frequently in her company state this is so.

Queenie Gerald describes herself as the Hon. Geraldine Queenie Gerald Gaynor, and is so described in the telephone directory. It may be that the Post Office may regard itself as under no obligation to verify the titles claimed by their subscribers. But there is no Hon. Geraldine Gaynor in "Debrett," or in "Who's Who," and, in any case, the police know of this woman, and of her conviction for keeping the brothel in Piccadilly Mansions.

At present this stained and ignoble "Queen of Vice" is staying with a friend in a flat in Long Acre. The name of the friend was used in the frustrated efforts to get the house off Portman Square. Whenever we have exposed Queenie she has fled—only to open her den of infamy elsewhere. We give the address so that the police may take what steps are appropriate.

Queenie has been rather hampered in her activities of late—owing to a quarrel with one of her "pals." This woman was induced by Queenie to submit herself to the abnormal lusts of a titled Irishman, who is one of the clients of the Arch-Mistress of Profane Love. The Irishman paid close on £300. Queenie gave the woman, who had become ill, a paltry five-pound note—and pocketed the balance.

At present Queenie is endeavouring to procure for immoral purposes and to gratify a wealthy client a beautiful young girl, of good family and conduct, whose special charm is a glorious head of hair. So far, the bird has escaped the net, but the patient Queenie is still trying. She is worth thousands of pounds, and spends freely trying to ensure so rich a capture.

The police can have no difficulty in collecting all the evidence they require against this female monster of depravity. The girls who have been her victims, and who have revolted against the cruelty, as well as the degradation she imposes on them, and the insolent way she swindles them, can reveal tales of dreadful orgies, of unnatural vice, of gross malpractices, of animal debauchery. Some of them having been debased for the pleasure of elderly satyrs and then brazenly robbed of the price of their sin and suffering.

Young men, comparatively unspotted, are lured into Queenie's clutches. They become old in iniquity and debased in character in a very short time. Touts spread the reputation of her gilded Halls of Shame, pretend unreal difficulties in gaining admission, and charge a high fee for the secret of initiation to the plague spot of London.

Again we ask the question: Who is behind Queenie Gerald? How does it happen that this vicious and depraved woman can go on spreading the plague of foul horror, making money out of her dark and sinister viciousness, and apparently permanently immune from effective police control. The question demands an answer. We shall insist on one being forthcoming.

There is no doubt that this woman, without any conception of a moral code, is believed by many people in the underworld to be victorious in her struggle with the authorities.

This is a situation that Scotland Yard must cope with. We have no sympathy with the rich and degraded clients of this harpy who sometimes complain that they have been exorbitantly mulcted. Our concern is for the young and unwary, whose lives may be ruined and whose future may be wrecked if they fall into the remorseless clutches of this woman.

The knowledge that she is making big sums of money and laughs at police repression is encouraging the whole wide circle of the dissolute class which preys upon innocence and flourishes on gilded vice.

MICHAELS AND THE MARK

A German's London Enterprise

SOME of the doubtful German traders who prior to the war found Britain their most profitable field of operations, are gradually creeping back to this country.

Amongst them is the firm of Henry Michaels and Co., who, have established themselves at Fulwood House, High Holborn, London.

The fact that the firm's letters and circulars, ostensibly issued from their London office, are, in fact, posted in Berlin, lends a sinister light to their enterprise.

A passage or two from their touting circular letters may be allowed to speak for themselves:

"We have been fortunate in securing a large number of 4 per cent. Polish State War Loan Bonds of 1,000 marks. These Bonds are guaranteed by the State and each Bond participates in a *weekly* drawing for a Prize of *One Million Marks*. . . . The price of these Bonds is £1 for 1,000 marks, and for this sum we further undertake to watch all drawings, etc., etc. . . . the chances of winning One Million Marks recurs each week."

The same firm offers for sale large parcels of Austrian kronen, Russian roubles and German marks; and this part of the business appears to be transacted from their "Bank Dept., 75, Lothringer Str., Berlin."

A business which combines the sale of hair-curling fluids, face powder, "Eylashine," eye lotion, superfluous hair-remover, dental stopping, and Wiesbaden pastilles, with worthless German paper money, is, perhaps, a little less strange than may at first appear; for only as the result of a profuse application of "eye wash" would any one be so foolish as to invest in the financial schemes of Henry Michaels and Co.

A SOUL IN TORMENT

The Man Who Never Had a Chance

Driven from pillar to post, and veritably hounded into crime, he is given no chance to redeem himself, though a woman's happiness is at stake.

IF ever there was a case of a criminal made by our prison system it is that of Horace George Kingsland, the handcuffed convict who recently made a pathetic appeal to Mr. Justice Sankey to help him to escape from the horrors of ten years' penal servitude. He was appearing at the time as a witness in a case in which he was relied on to give expert evidence regarding the methods of hotel thieves.

When a boy, Kingsland came under the influence of a man of criminal instincts, and under that influence he committed a theft that was punished by a term of imprisonment in a reformatory. On release he found his people had cast him off, and whenever he sought work he was confronted with his record. Bitter against the world he drifted into the company of criminals once more and soon found himself back in prison.

When the war came he volunteered for military service and was accepted. In the Army it was a case of giving a dog a bad name so far as Kingsland was concerned.

He found that life was so intolerable that he deserted, and in due course this "crime" was added to his others. After serving a sentence Kingsland returned to civil life thinking that at last he had purged all his offences and could make a fresh start in life, but he was soon to find that he was mistaken.

"I tramped the whole of the British Isles," he said, "in the hope of finding employment that would give me a chance of redeeming the past. Twice I was successful, and thought I was on the highway to success, but someone shattered my hopes by informing my employers that I had a past. Thus I drifted back into crime again."

So it was that Kingsland took to thieving from hotels, and at this stage of his career that he made the acquaintance of a young woman of respectable parents, and fell in love with her. He made up his mind that he would once more try to go straight for the sake of the girl he loved, and helped and inspired by this girl and her family he was on the way to redeeming his past when suspicion fell on him in connection with the crimes he had committed during the down-and-out stage of his career.

When arrested he tried to keep the truth from his sweetheart and her friends in the hope that when he had served his sentence he would be able to start afresh, but the address of the girl was found on him, and in due course she was apprised of the truth.

"For no reason at all," says Kingsland, "the authorities communicated the facts to my sweetheart, and tried to induce her to give evidence against me. When they found they could not succeed in that direction they next set themselves to make my life in prison a hell. I was treated as a desperate criminal from the first. I was watched night and day, and other convicts constantly tried to spy on me in the hope that thereby they might gain some concession from the authorities. I was marked and made the object of petty persecution at every turn. My life has been a hell on earth all through. The horrors of prison life are driving me mad."

Those who have had Kingsland under observation during his imprisonment say that there is little doubt that he is a man of keenly sensitive nature who is more affected by prison life than the average criminal.

In a few days after his arrival at Dartmoor he had become a shadow of his former self, and afflicted with nerves. His health began to suffer.

"I cannot live like this longer," he said to one of the officials visiting him. "I am in a state of perpetual torment. The silence and the gloom appal me more than I can say. I feel that all the life, all the soul, is being crushed out of me in this inhuman machine."

Is there no hope of a real chance for this hounded man?

STINNES READY TO POUNCE

Gigantic Plan to Rule Our Industries

Hugo Stinnes, the king of German industry and finance, is possessed of the ambition to rule here also. His latest schemes are revealed in this article.

THOUGH little has been heard of the activities of Hugo Stinnes, who is now the uncrowned Kaiser, since the failure of his pre-war attempt to buy British coal mines and iron and steel works, there is the clearest evidence that he still cherishes his ambition of dominating British Industry.

Stinnes knows the value of control of the foundational industries, iron, steel, and coal, and having secured the mastery in Germany in these realms it is necessary that he should acquire interests in this country.

He discovered during his recent visit to London that he had still to contend with the hostility of the British public, and that even the money-grabbing zeal of some of our profiteers could not induce them to take the risk of offending public opinion by selling out to him. It then became necessary to set about the achievement of his aims indirectly through American allies.

An old associate of his, a Mr. W. Herman Koehner, was sent to London to make inquiries with a view to acquiring any or all of the following on the best terms that could be obtained:

NEWSPAPERS.—Daily or weekly, with first-class circulations and reputations. Alternatively to examine the possibility of establishing a new daily paper of Liberal tendencies to work for European Peace by establishing a closer understanding between Germany and Britain.

IRON AND STEEL.—Up-to-date plants for the smelting of ores and the manufacture of iron and steel, with a view to specialisation in products least likely to conflict with German factories already under the Stinnes control. Alternatively, to inspect sites for mills, furnaces and foundries.

COAL.—Mines producing the qualities of coal needed in Germany to replace unsuitable home supplies, also to consider the possibility of obtaining controlling interest in mines producing coal for British and other Navies.

In addition, Mr. or Herr Koehner was instructed to inquire into the position of the Chemical Industry in this country, to report on the possibility of acquiring shares in the open market, or by private deals, but always to make it seem that the interested person was an American, and to interest in possible purchases men of British birth who would be willing to associate themselves with the "American" promoter in order to disarm any prejudice that might be excited.

The agent spent a considerable time in this country and moved about in the circles most likely to be useful to him. He made several visits to South Wales, the Midlands, and Scotland in pursuit of his information regarding coal and iron and steel concerns, and to Lancashire and Cheshire with respect to chemicals.

In London he opened, through a third person, tentative negotiations for the purchase of two weekly papers then on the market, but on receipt of a report from his agent he discontinued the negotiations and then directed his inquiries to finding out the prospects of a new series of daily papers covering London and the Provinces.

The report of Koehner is now in possession of Stinnes, and in the main it is favourable to the success of the projects of the German financier. It is merely now a question of waiting and watching until it is safe for him to begin his campaign to secure control of certain branches of British industry and to undertake the manufacture of public opinion through the agency of a group of papers owned and controlled by Stinnes in the same way that he now controls the most important newspapers in Germany. When it seems favourable Stinnes will make his move and it is up to the British public to see to it that his plans miscarry.

If he succeeds in his efforts to link up his German schemes with enterprises in this country, he will be well on his way to achieving his ambition to be the industrial dictator of the world.

WATCH COMMITTEE TYRANNY

Police Constable's Amazing Dismissal

WE should like to know what steps the Home Secretary proposes to take in regard to the disgraceful action of the Dewsbury Watch Committee in connection with the dismissal from the Police Force of Constable Sidney Broadbent.

For months past the circumstances in which he was compelled to leave the Force have constituted a local scandal, but in view of the unusually emphatic condemnation of the Watch Committee's proceedings by His Honour Judge Bairstow in a considered judgment awarding the ex-constable damages with costs on the highest scale for wrongful dismissal, the matter has become one of national importance.

Briefly summarised, the facts are as follows:—

Broadbent, who is twenty-seven years of age, entered the Police Force in June, 1919, having previously served for five years in the Army. He bore an irreproachable character, and there was no blot or blemish against him as a constable up till May 19, 1922.

On that evening, he observed a motor car being driven at a furious rate, and took the driver to the police station and reported him for driving without a licence and refusing his name and address.

The following day he was sent for by the Chief Constable, who told him he was suspended.

It transpired that the motorist was a close acquaintance and neighbour of the Chief Constable's, named Turton, who had charged him with illegal arrest and assault.

On June 8 he appeared before the Watch Committee, and was dismissed from the Force.

He promptly sued for damages, and it is sufficient to quote from the learned Judge's judgment.

"He was dismissed upon a charge which was never made against him. I infer that some person made to the Watch Committee, behind the plaintiff's back, this charge of falsehood. Who was it? What does it mean? Is this the sort of administration of justice that is calculated to give security to the citizens of this borough.

"In my opinion, from beginning to end, these proceedings were grossly irregular. There was no justification in law for his dismissal, and no justification in fact has been alleged or proved for his dismissal. I hope that the result of my decision will be that plaintiff is not disqualified from becoming a candidate for service in some other Force."

It is perfectly clear that Broadbent was sacrificed in this disgraceful hole-and-corner fashion to placate an individual who felt that his dignity had been injured.

It is inconceivable that the matter can be allowed to remain where it is.

TELLING LONDON IT MUSTN'T

(Where Kill-joy Cranks Hold Sway).

by ARNOLD BENNETT

Much has been said about brightening London and the same applies to all British cities and towns. Mr. Arnold Bennett says some more, very pointedly and yet very sanely. That there are cranks holding up the development of harmless amusements is certain, but within wheels are more wheels, as those who read this article will observe. The cranks on the L.C.C. like to tell citizens what to do and what not to do without any encouragement from outsiders. Need we be surprised, then, if they go the limit when interested parties urge them to.

IF you are a Londoner, do you know even the names of the Councillors who represent you on the London County Council? Very probably not. Did you vote for or against them? Probably not. Unless it is a question of a street improvement, a strike, or a dancing and music licence, do you ever take any interest in the work of the L.C.C., and do you ever see its work referred to in the papers? Probably not.

Briefly, Londoners are indifferent to their municipal representatives. At elections, when the atmosphere is one of general indifference, the crank and the wire-puller have a better chance of heading the poll than other people. A smaller turnover of votes is needed to influence the result.

I DO not say that the L.C.C. is made up of cranks and wire-pullers. Far from it. But I say that it has an undue proportion of them, and, further, that there is probably more wire-pulling in the London County Council than in the House of Commons. Only we know nothing about it.

As to the wire-puller, no remarks are necessary. His characteristics are well known. As to the crank—that is, the person of one idea—we have to remember that he is always narrow-minded (room for only one idea in his head), always lacking in a sense of proportion, generally unjust, and very often cruel in the name of God. The gentlemen of the Spanish Inquisition were cranks.

THE question of music and dancing licences is now before the public, and it is intimately bound up with the question of "brightening London," which city is tragically in need of brightening. Go to any foreign city and compare. Is London more virtuous than foreign cities? It is not. It is merely duller and more hypocritical.

The licensing system for London entertainments is marvellous. It would be admirably fitted for Heaven, but is somewhat inappropriate to the greatest metropolis in the world.

PART of the reason for this is the absurd fact that there are two nominally independent licensing authorities, with the consequence that you may see two houses of entertainment side by side one of which is given a monstrously unfair advantage over the other. But even houses subject to the same authority are not treated equally. All dance clubs are subject to the L.C.C., but some have important privileges of which others are deprived.

Which state of affairs in general is largely due to the crank—the peculiarly English crank whose attitude is: "Go and see what the citizen is doing and tell him at once he mustn't." On the L.C.C. a couple of cranks can decide a vote. And they will stop at nothing to get their way. They will even upset the ruling of a small expert body specially appointed by the L.C.C. to deal with licensing.

BUT this is by no means all. The cranks would not have much of a show in the L.C.C. were it not for the cut-throat jealousies within the entertainment profession itself. For the recent scandalous trouble about hotel licences and dance club licences the Entertainments Protection Association is mainly responsible. It is easy and effective to say "Stiggins." But I observe that financial interests in the entertainment world employ K.C.'s to prevent entertainment if they can!

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE persistent Liberalism of several really brilliant men is, on the face of it, inexplicable. Conservatism and Socialism are the extremes that, intellectually, meet—for Socialism is Conservatism in its most intense form. Both creeds are consistent and comprehensible. But Liberalism is the creed of the natural anarchist, who believes at one moment in the freedom and at another in the bludgeoning of every class in the community.

Yet the fact remains that there are a few clever people who are also serious Liberals. Lloyd George and Asquith don't come into the discussion, because they were born gas-bags—and Progress, which they confuse with Liberalism, is the solitary subject they can chatter about for ever without having bad eggs thrown at them.

IT is the Liberalism of men like Sir John Simon that really fills one with amazement. For, when every allowance is made for occasional lapses, Sir John is an exceptionally brilliant man.

He has both intellect and intelligence of a very high order. That is to say, he is able to rise to the height of any argument and appreciate at the same time all the lower points of view. His common

SIR JOHN SIMON

sense is never at the mercy of his imagination.

Miss Elizabeth Asquith (as she then was) once told me that Sir John Simon was the only person she had ever known who could instantly give the answer to almost any riddle put to him; and she gave me one or two instances of his extraordinary success in that connection.

THERE was no "catch" about them. They required a mind that had been perfectly trained and adapted to quick movement, penetration and concentration—a versatile mind. He saw the answer to every poser in a flash, and, as she declared, no other nob in that parliament could even qualify for second place.

Over and above this mere mental apparatus, however, he is a man of ideals. Hence his occasional stubbornness. He will go a long way with any Party. He will agree with almost any policy up to a point. He will compromise, fence and hedge for the good of any cause he believes in the main to be worthy.

THEN, suddenly, the curious thing happens. Something fundamental to him as a liberty-loving citizen is endangered. Promptly he sees red, risks the wreck of his political future, and flies off at a tangent in a direction his whilom colleagues could never have foreseen.

And that, I am sure, is why he remains a Liberal. A Party that contains such a strange assortment of personalities as Viscount Grey, Asquith, Churchill, Lord Reading and Lloyd George is pretty certain to do nothing rash—except perhaps in war-time, when things get so terribly out of control.

These comedians, therefore, are reasonably safe. As they are all pulling different ways, their efforts will be neutralised—and a balance of power, since Utopia is unfortunately out of the question, is perhaps the safest policy.

All the same, Sir John Simon is worth Labour's passing glance. His is the best brain in the House outside their Party.

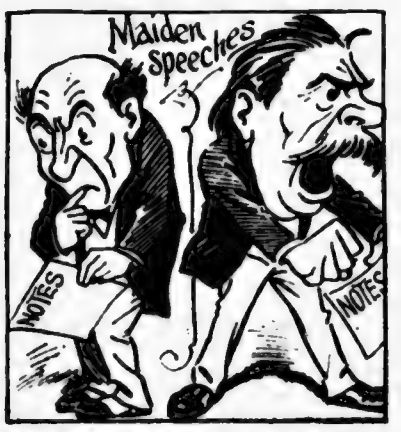
CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

It's true Sam never paid his share
In money, men or toil,
But you can bet that he'll be there
To claim his share of oil.

All barbers' tongues, we knew of old,
Are absolutely tireless,
But now down Lincoln way we're told
The talk is done by wireless.

Though Fate divorced this loving twain,
The tender flame of yore
Has now, 'tis said, burst forth again,
And they're engaged once more.



While many members stutter out
Their muddled maiden speeches,
The way some fellows storm and shout
They're more like maiden screeches.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To Major TRYON, M.P.,
Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—Mr. Jack Jones, M.P., lost his temper and was turned out of the House of Commons for calling you a dirty dog. It was certainly impolite, and Mr. Jones has expressed regret. But recall your argument, that insane ex-soldiers should be transferred from the Ministry of Pensions to the workhouse authorities, because some of them were insane when they were enlisted. Was it the fault of the insane men, or of the authorities, that they were so enlisted? If it was the fault of the authorities, who should pay for the mistake, the people who made it or the poor fellows who were mentally afflicted? I do not approve of Mr. Jack Jones's language. I do understand his sentiments. JOHN BULL.

To the ACTING-COMMISSIONER,
Scotland Yard.

SIR,—What are you going to do in view of the repeated refusals of Magistrates to convict on uncorroborated police evidence? This steadily deepening distrust of police witnesses is a serious reflection on Scotland Yard methods of training, already sorely discredited. Why not take the obvious step and instruct the police not to prosecute unless the "annoyed" persons are willing to give evidence? Draw the logical conclusion from the Fitzroy and other cases and remember that the public safety is the supreme law. JOHN BULL.

To KARL RADEK,
Bolshie on the Move.

SIR,—You must have been amused at the half-hearted repudiation by an excited daily of our statement that you had been in London. We should be very glad if you had not. You are certainly not wanted here. We don't want Soviet revolutionaries planning Communistic outrages in this country. Go away, and stay there. JOHN BULL.

To Sir HOWARD FRANK,
The Disposals Board.

SIR,—The market is not in the least disturbed by your throwing on it three million yards of woollen tweeds. Some experts regard it as rubbish. We repeat it would be better to give it away, and close down your cumbrous and expensive department. Cut the losses and save the expenses. JOHN BULL.

To General CLIFTON BROWN, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Your rival and defeated candidate offered to bet that you had never opened your mouth in Parliament. A constituent won the bet by quoting in full your one and only speech: "It's stuffy in here; please open the windows." Do not be ashamed of your effort. It was short and appropriate and practical. The same cannot be said of much of what Disraeli called "the dreary drip of desultory declamation" at Westminster. JOHN BULL.

To Viscount CAVE,
Lord Chancellor.

MY LORD,—You have appointed Mr. Shortt, K.C., to be a Commissioner of Assize, a temporary judgeship, understood usually to lead to a permanent one. Did you do this because you thought him the best man for the job, or because you wished to be kind to an ex-Minister? In spite of his ineptitude in the True case and other notorious blunders, you have put on the Bench a man whom even his friends in the Coalition Government forebore to promote. Do you think the public like this juggling by the mandarins of Whitehall? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord RODNEY,
London.

MY LORD,—You are a very lucky man. You enjoy a State pension of two thousand a year, granted in perpetuity to your ancestor, the Lord Rodney who won the naval victory over the French in the West Indies in 1782. If you are not an ancestor-worshipper you ought to be. Don't you think you ought to surrender this pension? After all, you didn't earn it, and it would pay the dole for so many of your starving and unemployed and un-titled fellow-countrymen. If you decide to do this, why not drop a line to Earl Nelson, who also enjoys the unearned increment of a hereditary pension? JOHN BULL.

To Sir WILLIAM SUTHERLAND, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Do you know who appoints the Presiding Officers and Clerks for the elections in your constituency? Do you know these jobs are given to Government officials and friends and relations of a local official? Do you know that a clergyman was paid to act as clerk to the Presiding Officer who was an Elder of his Kirk? Do you know that ex-Service men have a grievance at being kept out of these positions, while salaried officials get them as an extra plum? If you don't know—enquire. If you can't put an end to it—let us know. We will help.

JOHN BULL.

To Lady HAMILTON,
Cleveland Square, Bayswater.

MADAM,—Don't you think you ought to have paid the cabman you employed from ten at night till three in the morning? Accepting your excuse that you had lost all your ready money at cards and would pay him on the following day, he called six times and each time was sent empty-handed away, being told that her ladyship was in bed and had only a cheque for £40. The poor cannot waste time running after the titled rich in this manner. You are discourteous and inconsiderate, in spite of your title of "lady." Do you know the meaning of "noblesse oblige"? JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. CAROLINE ORFORD,
St. James's Park.

DEAR MADAM,—For three hundred years your ancestors sold milk, buns, and lollipops in St. James's Park. To-day that privilege is withdrawn from you and given to a firm of caterers who offered more. Dear Madam, the country must economise, and you must go. Take with you our sincere sympathy. If you had a title and an hereditary pension the same as others in more fortunate circumstances, as you will see from what I have written to Lord Rodney, you would be left in peace. To him that hath shall be given: from him that hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath.

JOHN BULL.

FOG-BOUND

LITTLE BONAR: "I wish you hadn't locked me in this Park."
P.C. BULL: "You're on the right side of the fence anyhow. Why don't you go home?"

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

TO sneer at the Bonar Law Government as a "new broom" and to belittle its efforts to grapple with the unemployment evil is easy fooling. Nor need the Prime Minister resent the gibe. We badly needed a new broom, and if the bristles are sharp and stiff, so much the better. At any rate, Ministers have begun at the right end on the policy we advocated weeks ago—that of substituting work for doles.

The New Broom

It is a thousand pities that the old broom proved unequal to this urgent task. If the late unlamented Coalition had taken our advice at the time, or, better still, used its own wits for the purpose, we should have been spared the perils of the existing situation.

Think what the difference might have been if twelve months ago the men now marching the streets of London in grim despair had been set to work on housing, road-construction, afforestation, railway developments, or any of the jobs that are crying to be done.

Why did this simple and practical policy never occur to the brilliant mind of Mr. Lloyd George? Was it that he was too much occupied with the work that properly belonged to the Foreign Office, and more especially with the imbroglio of his own creation in the Near East.

We felt sure that the first instinct of Mr. Bonar Law, who is a business man before all else, would be to seek a substitute for the demoralising dole, and by intelligent organisation to find work for the workless. It is too soon to say how far the new plans will attain their object, but it cannot be denied that they are sound and free from the taint of charity.

We should like to see housing brought within the scope of this new effort to grapple with unemployment. A sensible house-building scheme would absorb a vast amount of surplus labour and solve our most pressing social problem. Under wise statesmanship these two policies should go hand in hand.

WE raise our hat to Lord Buckmaster, who is putting up a game fight for Divorce Law Reform. It is a great thing that a judge of his high eminence should ally himself heart and soul with the reformers who denounce the inquities of the existing law.

The Marriage Muddle

It is the part of good generalship to recognise where the main force of the opposition lies, and in his bold advance upon what he calls "the labyrinths of ecclesiasticism"—in other words, the hostility of a section of the Churches to reasonable measures of reform Lord Buckmaster has the country with him.

What atrocities, what indecencies, what brutalities have been defended in the name of religion! It is against the will of Heaven, we are blasphemously told, that a woman should be freed from the forced embraces of a man who is a criminal lunatic, an open and avowed adulterer, an incurable sufferer from the most odious forms of disease.

Outside the narrow ecclesiastical groove no one believes this nonsense. It is the business of the State to legislate not for a superstitious minority, or even for a handful of honest zealots, but for the mass of broad-minded men and women who demand common decency in the social code.

It is not merely in relation to divorce that the marriage laws have been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Only last week, in the course of a nullity suit preferred by Mr. S. H. Hudston against his eccentric wife, Mr. Justice Horridge had to pronounce a judgment which he recognised to be the very negation of justice. It is apparently the law of England that a woman can go through the form of marriage with a man, to the accompaniment of the very explicit language of the Book of Common Prayer, accept from him a large sum of money by way of a marriage settlement, and then at her mere whim and pleasure refuse marital relations. If the aggrieved husband goes to law he is told that the marriage is a good one, the settlement must remain, the Courts cannot mend his bargain. If this is not downright fraud it comes very near it.

The fact is, of course, that our marriage laws are mediæval, encrusted with anomalies, moth-eaten with antiquated technicalities. In thousands of cases in which divorce ought to be freely obtainable the parties have to be content with judicial separation, a bastard remedy which merely fosters immorality and wrecks the lives of men and women born to be happy and free.

IN this year of grace it is almost a crime to bring children into the world. At any rate, it is a blunder—if folks value their comfort. To such a pass has civilisation brought us that in many cases the possession of a family means that parents can have no roof over their heads.

A Baneful Ban

The "No Children" ban is rampant everywhere, and the authorities look calmly on at this direct incitement to race suicide. We are not among those who hold that we must have a high birth-rate at any cost, or that married people should burden themselves with families they cannot afford to keep, but it is surely monstrous that the mere fact of parentage should be used to prevent good citizens from finding decent homes.

The limit has been reached at Willesden—a respectable family having been given notice by the landlord on no other ground than that a second baby is shortly to be born.

Facetiously the Willesden Magistrate suggests that the mother should have a medal for patriotism, but unfortunately compliments afford no shelter, and jocular comments from the Bench will not go far to check this spreading evil.

A similar ban is frequently placed upon applications for employment from married men, their children being described as "encumbrances," and the act suited to the word. It is all hopelessly wrong from the racial standpoint, and if the Government are wise they will find a sharp legal remedy. An Empire stripped of its population will be at the naked mercy of a foreign foe.

THE 23rd of December next is going to be a very lucky day—for the Germans. While many thousands of Britons are looking forward to a lean Christmas there will be gladness and rejoicing throughout the Fatherland. For on that day the special provisions as to former enemy aliens in the Aliens Restriction Act of 1919 are to come to an end, and the British Government does not propose to renew them.

A Coming Invasion

That there is nothing harsh or inhuman about these same regulations—that they do not go to excess in the protection of our British interests—is proved by the fact that during the first six months of this year nearly four thousand Germans were allowed to settle in this country. Consider, then, what is likely to happen when these restrictions are removed. Who can doubt the result? A new era of "peaceful penetration" will set in, and the Germans will be back with us in their tens of thousands.

Is this a prospect which commends itself to the British people? It is not. Individually we have not forgiven the Germans for the wanton crime which eight years ago plunged the world knee deep in blood, and the State has no authority from us to embrace our late enemies. It is the aim of Germany to exploit our markets for her trade; to find fresh openings for her reviving manufactures; to renew the cut-throat competition which before the war was already undermining our staple industries.

In face of this recurring menace, we are convinced that the British Government, upon reflection, will find a wiser policy than to fling open wide the doors and extend the right hand of welcome.

The moment when unemployment is more rife than ever before is not the moment to invite a fresh invasion of foreigners, and these of the stock from whose crazy dominance we fought to free the world.

IT was claimed by Mr. Wackford Squeers that his famous educational establishment, Dotheboys Hall, was "the right shop for morals." So, if we may say so with great respect, is the United States of America.

Yankee Impudence

Especially other people's morals, which are their unfailing concern.

The other day a well-known English actor was asked to leave the inhospitable shores of the great Republic on the ground, forsooth, that the lady with whom he was travelling was not his wife. It would appear that the Ten Commandments, originally delivered to the children of Israel, have been taken into the special custody of the United States Government, who will henceforth see that they are strictly observed by visitors.

At Ellis Island, already noted for its disgraceful treatment of immigrants, a young English woman from London was recently detained and subjected to the grossest indignities because she had with her a three-year-old son born out of wedlock. We shall refrain from asking questions about the illegitimacy statistics of the United States.

THE MESPOT MUDDLE

by

A. G. GARDINER

IF I were a prophet and were asked to forecast the particular rock on which the new Government will go to pieces, I should nominate Mesopotamia. That once "blessed word" has become the most cursed word in our political vocabulary. We have got ourselves into such a hopeless entanglement there that we cannot afford to stay and do not know how to depart.

We haven't even the comfort of regarding ourselves as the victims of circumstances. The hole we are in was dug by ourselves. The last Government dug it in the face of abundant warnings, and we haven't even the satisfaction of knowing that they dug it for respectable reasons. They believed that they had got hold of a "good thing," and with a light-hearted folly they disregarded every warning.

Consider for a moment what it has cost us On the money side alone the bill is reckoned in hundreds of millions. We have in four years spent enough money to have cleared every slum in England a dozen times over, and to have largely solved the unemployment problem by means of great reproductive undertakings. On the moral side we have discredited ourselves in the eyes of other countries and given ground for the suspicion that our object was "to do well out of the war."

So far from doing well out of the business, we have tied a millstone round our necks, and the question for Mr. Bonar Law is how he is to get rid of it. One thing is certain. If he does not get rid of it it will drown both him and his Government.

For we are only at the beginning of our Mesopotamian troubles. Lord Curzon is patching up a sort of peace with Turkey, but it is only a half-hearted affair which will leave the Turks fundamentally hostile to us, and in cordial sympathy with the Russians, whom Lord Curzon still treats as pariah dogs. Well, the Turks and the Russians together can make our life in Mesopotamia a purgatory. And there are the Germans in the background. If the Allies won't make friends with the Germans, the Germans will make friends with the Russians and the Turks, and one day, not far distant, probably, we shall be told that if we are to hold Mesopotamia we must enormously increase our forces there. And about the same time we shall have the same demand from Egypt.

Meanwhile, America is putting in her claim to share in all oil rights in the country. The British taxpayer is to do the work, and if there is any plunder, France and America are to share it with us.

We ought not to be there, and, since we are there, we ought to get out without a moment's unnecessary delay. It is not easy. It never is easy to get out of a false position. But in politics as in business, it is wisdom to cut a loss. Mesopotamia has been a ruinous loss, and will continue to be a ruinous loss. This country cannot afford to carry it, and the day we go out of Mesopotamia will be a day of national deliverance.

THE SINS

by Rev. G. A. STUDDE

("Wood

THERE is in our midst to-day money which they are squand viciousness. Though actually quit upper classes, they are apt to be co this powerful article the Rev. G. A. the shoulder at the evil, shows how at present in the hearts

Rev. G. A. ST

WHILE it is no satisfaction to attack any one section of society, there are times when one is simply obliged to be candid, to speak one's mind, to hit out in no uncertain manner. There are times when duty demands this.

Let us get down to rock-bottom facts. What is taking place at the present time is simply this. The old aristocracy of our country which was the result of close breeding and a very fixed tradition—and which, be it said, boasted some distinct elements of nobility—is inevitably giving way to plutocracy. Marriage, the only effective method of selection in society of to-day, is *economic* selection, which, of course, *results* in plutocracy.

WHAT guarantee is there, I should like to know, that a man who makes a great fortune is a fit ruler of his fellow-creatures; that he is a man of character or real ability? There was a tradition among the old aristocracy that they were responsible for what they styled "their people"; in other words, their dependants. This tradition was often marked by noble traits. But in plutocracy tradition is unknown; is responsible to nobody; it considers its duties discharged and more than discharged once it has paid super-tax.

Wealthy people often derive their money from concerns with which they have no actual personal connection. They have money in businesses which, in many cases, they have never seen; the human beings known as hands who work in them they scarcely ever bring themselves to think about. What has a shareholders' meeting nowadays to do with the lives of those without whose labours there would be no dividends to draw?

WHEN wealth instead of the old aristocratic standards dictates a marriage what can we expect? It simply means the birth into the world of fewer men of character.

The British public naturally is averse to, and has no inclination for, class warfare, yet, nevertheless, a class cleavage is coming to be a fact. In the recent election, the labour vote was, I think, a class-conscious vote, which from the standpoint of the community is altogether undesirable. For the first time in the history of this country we now have in Parliament two parties which are representative of two distinct classes opposing each other.

THE way to prevent this cleavage widening is for those who hold place and power by virtue of wealth *to start right away developing a tradition*, a vision of public service, which will make them *realise their responsibilities*, and render them anxious for the well-being of the nation as a whole.

Society would do well to realise that the thing which plays such mischief with its influence, its prestige, is its unwholesome love of luxury, and its atmosphere of fatuous idleness. The continual appearance in the Divorce Court of people who ought to be setting an example to the community is playing havoc with—and undermining—the respect in which they were once held.

With regard to the morals of Central London, they are certainly deplorable. It is, in fact, a thoroughly bad atmosphere for anyone to live in. True, no doubt, drugs are largely used by street women, but who is it who provides the latter with the means of a livelihood?

HERE we have a man with £5 in his pocket to lay down for pure lust, incidentally helping to spread venereal disease; and yet the poor, the unemployed, are told there is no money in the country! A poor man sees loose women fashionably attired, clad in expensive furs, and naturally wants to know who it is who keeps them.

Thank God that London with all its depravity has still in it "ten thousand that have not bowed the knee to Baal" and remain clean, sweet English men and women. Thank goodness that Central London with all its dissipation is not typical of the *country* as a whole.

BUT things are bad enough in all conscience. Is it not an awful thing that money shamelessly squandered in lust might be put to purposes which would be a veritable blessing to the community?

Try to realise for yourself what a terrible thing it is that money spent in gratifying passion might be employed in procuring bread and the necessaries of life for children.

After that, can you wonder that I cry out against this seamy condition of affairs, that I feel myself forced to raise my voice against this awful state of things?

The conscience of a certain section of the community seems to have got out of gear. Surely very little reflection should serve to prove to these that a code productive of so

THE Editor does not necessarily share th of sufficient interest and importance t journal the recognised platform for the free di

OF SOCIETY

... KENNEDY, M.C., M.A.
... Willie.")

... number of people who have acquired ... in the gratification of their own ... distinct from what are known as the ... with them by the thoughtless. In ... Kennedy, hitting straight from ... responsible for much of the rancour ... the legions of unemployed.

...BERT KENNEDY

much misery as it is, can only cause greater misery in the long run.

I am told that immeasurable mischief is being done owing to the nefarious gambling dens, which in London play so much havoc with the lives of the young. I am assured, on what seems sound authority, that the drug habit has a hold on not a few people who should not only know a great deal better, but whose weakness in this matter is slowly but surely corrupting the morals of their social inferiors. My informant declares that this evil is anything but curbed; that the authorities have not yet got this menace under control; and that it is an evil which ought to receive immediate attention.

LOOK at the sights one sees in Central London; they are not particularly inspiring! The craze for pleasure-making seems to have taken hold of the community to an extraordinary extent. Wanton living is apparent on all sides; what an appalling thing to see our young people tempted as they are in London streets to-day. Do the life and well-being of these young folk, those members of the community from whom the world expects so much, count for so little, mean so little to us?

London, alas! is not, however, the only city where there exists a community within a community, a section of society living its own selfish life — pleasure-loving, self-absorbed.

What about Manchester, for instance? What about other large cities?

THIS, mark you, is a serious matter—most serious—moreover, it is a new condition of affairs. All things considered, I do not think there has ever been such a state of affairs in existence in the world except in the decadent days of ancient Rome. There was nothing like this in the Feudal System. In those days, the rich and powerful had very distinct, very exacting duties; if they overlooked their responsibilities they went under.

... expressed on this page, but considers them ... publication. It is intended to make this ... of the leading topics of the day.

WHAT is the cause of this appalling phase of our latter-day shortcomings? Simply the old, old story—too much ready cash in hands unfitted to handle it. Certain of the rich become satiated with pleasure, bored to distraction with purposeless existences; their lives are utterly meaningless, with the result that they are prepared to do anything—anything at all—calculated to make them forget—if but temporarily—the seeming futility of the daily round.

The selfish indifference to the fate of those less fortunately placed than themselves is one phase of modern society which is doing it a power of evil. In England we seem to be living in a series of watertight compartments, in sections; that is, each section being wholly divorced from the others; poverty on one hand, wealth on another; abject squalor here, untold profits there; and yet all sections are more or less needy; for if the poor want decent surroundings, and a decent standard of existence, our new-born plutocracy's one crying need is for a new outlook on life, an entire reversal of the reckless extravagance which too frequently obsesses it.

JUST think of this question of unemployment, of the contrasts to be seen wherever one likes to turn. Think of the spectacles with which the unemployed ex-serviceman is faced in this great social and industrial centre, the man who during the war fought for a new world, a brighter and happier existence.

As individual men and women it may be doubted whether society people are worse than many of the rest of us. All the evidence points to the fact that somehow or other abnormal purchasing power gets into the hands of the wrong people, and it is quite impossible to explain to an unemployed man wandering about the West End that his condition is anything but a hideous injustice.

IT can be shown quite clearly to a man who is prepared to think impartially that *there is no sudden or violent method of reforming the evil*, but a man who is down and out is not in a position to think clearly or impartially, *and therein lies the danger.*

This type of man, and he numbers many thousands to-day, has reached the stage when he judges all society by the demoralised standard of the Piccadilly squander-maniacs. He is not in a position to realise that the finer elements live a home life often comparatively simple.

But the solemn truth remains that under present conditions there *is* luxury expenditure and a good deal of it, which is the result of bad taste, bad morals, and a perfectly appalling lack of intelligence.

Perhaps the most charitable as well as the most damning thing which one can say about those that indulge in it, is that they are *silly fools.*

ARE WE ALL MAD?

by

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING'S observation, in a recent case, that he was waiting for the day when a specialist will come and say that when a man gets born he is insane, is really "nearer the mark" than most people imagine.

We are all potential criminals and potential madmen, only most people are so comfortably off, and so sheltered from undue excitement and worries that the tendency remains latent.

It is all a question of self-control. The madman *cannot*, and the sane criminal *will not* exercise self-control.

I know of cases of general paralysis of the insane in which, long before any outward sign of the disease, frauds and thefts were committed; I know of elderly men who from some abnormal bodily development are obsessed by sexual thoughts, and who have got into trouble seeking some satisfaction which is against common morality. I know of epileptics who, after their attacks, are obsessed by criminal tendencies, and I know men of high and respected position—some who were members of the legal profession—who *could not control*, at times, certain tendencies which, if discovered, would have meant their social ruin.

Look at the number of *purposeless* crimes for which no motive can be discovered! There is the wealthy man who steals overcoats, umbrellas, or the spoons from the house at which he is a guest; there is the wealthy woman who turns shoplifter; there is the man who assaults a comparative stranger without or with insufficient provocation; and there is the husband or wife who murders a child to whom he or she is devotedly attached.

The case book of every mental specialist contains instances of men or women seeking aid for fear they may commit any of these misdeeds. True, in most cases, it remains a "fear" only, but in some cases the execution of a dreaded act gives temporary relief, *and many cases of suicide are just these highly conscientious persons who can stand the conflict no longer.*

The onset of insanity is often marked by nothing more than a gradual loss of control over the thoughts, feelings and behaviour. We all have strange thoughts and impulses at times, but we are able to dismiss them instantly. Some, however, from hereditary taint, false education or some other cause, experience, more or less, difficulty in discarding the unwanted intruder; they dwell on it, and thoughts once harboured persist in the unconscious mind and may influence our conduct when we least desire it.

All expert examinations may fail to discover an intellectual defect, so that before a court of law, such a man would be found responsible.

If the plea of insanity is commoner now than it used to be, *it is not due to the mental specialists*, but to defending counsel, who raise the plea on behalf of their clients, and who may or may not engage a mental specialist to produce evidence in support of it.

The Hamburg-Piccadilly Dope Line

The following striking article by Our Special Commissioner, just returned from a tour of investigation in Hamburg, sheds a sinister light on the question which has for long puzzled the police authorities, namely, How is it that almost unlimited supplies of dope are constantly reaching the West End of London? After minute inquiry the conclusion reached is that, in view of the enormous profits to be made, there is in existence a dangerous plot to exploit the drug craze among British people.

SCOTLAND YARD is on the track of the dope fiends. It has been on the track of them for years, and will continue for many more years, unless it looks in the right place.

And that right place is not in the West End of London. The traffic in drugs which goes on in our midst is not the trifling efforts of a few people to make easy money by the passing of several ounces of cocaine now and again. It is actually the work of a number of sinister organisations operating not in this country, but in Germany.

In short, the fountain head of the dope traffic lies in Hamburg, as I speedily discovered when making investigations in that city. It is ships, men and goods coming from that port that the police must watch, in order to effectively control the influx of drugs.

There are many reasons why Hamburg should have been chosen by the dope traffickers as the spot where they should congregate, where their plans should be evolved and where the cocaine, morphia, opium and other drugs should be distributed amongst agents, most of whom make their way by various routes and means into Britain.

Hamburg is an important seaport, and during the heyday of Germany's prosperity it was a free city. These two factors resulted in the development there of an underworld probably unequalled for viciousness anywhere else. It was the haunt of the riff-raff of all Europe and America, and after the war it remained so, only in a still greater degree.

As was inevitable a large number of these undesirables realised that much money was to be made by illicit dealing in drugs. The stricter the regulations the bigger the profits, and consequently Britian soon became the favourite pitch of the dope vendors.

To-day in the Jungfernstrieg, the Piccadilly of Hamburg, and more particularly in the Reeperbahn, the centre of the nocturnal life of the City, cocaine can be openly purchased for one thousand marks an ounce. At the present rate of exchange this is only a few pence. Here it fetches prices ranging up to £5 an ounce. It is the simplest thing in the world to bring the stuff to London, where it can be instantly disposed of at an enormous profit.

The ease with which cocaine can be secured in Hamburg is sufficient in itself to make it the centre of the traffic. Traffickers go there to get it, so dealers make sure they have good supplies on hand. Thus the trade goes on increasing instead of diminishing.

The most popular topic of conversation amongst denizens of the underworld in Hamburg is dope. I have sat in the Cabaret Trichter and in the popular Alster Pavilion Café, watching the alluring night life, which shows no signs of the alleged poverty of Germany. On every side the evidences of the traffic may be seen.

In Hamburg death-dealing drugs are manufactured on a wholesale scale. To increase the profits, a diabolic scheme is resorted to, the facts of which may explain some recent tragedies. Not only is adulteration practised, but so that the drug may lose none of its deadly properties through the admixture of flour, etc., a secret substance is added which renders the partaker more susceptible to the effects.

Who are the agents in Hamburg? It is easy to pick them out. They are drawn from the ranks of small battalions of "beach-combers," sailors, many of them Americans, who prefer to live ashore and rake out an existence by shady work. These have been enlisted as the "cat's-paws" to hand on the "stuff" from manufacturers to the "travelling agents" who convey it to England.

The "beach-combers" gather nightly in the St. Pauli district, a locality where vice flourishes unchecked. In the innumerable little cafés, and in the larger ones that stud the side-streets of the Reeperbahn, they meet the representatives of the manufacturers. They procure enormous quantities, put up in glass phials usually containing one ounce each.

In turn the "beach-comber" meets other sailors who have put in at Hamburg for a few days, and who are quickly off again to London and other ports. These men act mainly as smugglers, and in this work they display the most amazing ingenuity.

The "beach-comber" has other intermediaries, however. They get into touch with their really big customers through the women of the demi-monde who sit and sip their beer and wine in the flash restaurants and cafés of the Jungfernstrieg. Drug-traffickers from London always associate with these women.

It should be noted by Scotland Yard that there are quite a number of rich Teutons settling down in London who seem to have business relations with Hamburg that necessitate very frequent journeys. Usually they call themselves "merchants." What is their particular line of "merchandise"?

The women of the underworld in Hamburg are boasting nightly of the money they are making out of drugs. A pretty girl told me in a café that she had given up her former precarious life on the streets as there was no need for it now that the drug business was so profitable.

She explained her methods of "business." She worked chiefly on "introductions." She went to the good class restaurants and kept her eyes open for signs of the drug-fiend visiting Hamburg for supplies of the stuff. Such a one would be introduced to a "beach-comber." For this she would receive as much as ten thousand marks if the customer was a good one.

There is a large cafe in the very centre of the St. Pauli district which is the chief gathering place of the vultures who prey upon human weakness.

As is well known to visitors to Germany most of the cafés are flanked by private compartments just large enough to hold four or five people comfortably. In these drug supplies can change hands easily and secretly.

Our Customs Service is alert, but smuggling is being developed into such a fine art that it constantly keeps ahead of precautions.

The point, however, is, as I have ascertained beyond dispute, that while the Customs are concentrating on examining passengers of the ships passing to and from well-known ports, the sailors who act as crews are able to keep the traffic merrily going.

And not only on the big ships; the insignificant coal brig and the dirty cockle-shell tramp slouching between English ports and Hamburg with a cargo described truly as "various" affords a splendid means of communication between the wholesaler in Germany and the retailer dealing in death in London and the provinces. In fact, I heard open talk of one brig so devoted to the traffic that she was humorously referred to as "The Cocaine Ship."

The big smugglers are fully alive to the danger of being "caught with the goods," and many of them prefer not to entrust the dope to personal carriers, since if one of the latter were shadowed carefully there would be a distinct chance that the whole of his particular gang might be revealed to the police. Consequently they rely on ingenious methods of hiding the drugs in articles imported from Germany, such as stuffed dolls, cheap jewellery, and the like.

One of the neatest devices ever employed took the form of a "pearl" necklace with cocaine pills instead of pearls.

Since the perpetrators of nearly all of these illicit transactions hail from Hamburg, I have no hesitation in saying that it is there that the fountain head of the dope traffic lies.

Moreover, there is in London an elaborate scheme for its distribution, the plan of which has been brought to perfection in Hamburg.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified.

One Worth Helping

"SOME months ago I took pity on an old man, one no one seemed to want. He is very old now, but he gets about fairly well; his sight is quite good for his age. His relations used to give him a meal here and there, and his old age pension keeps his little room going and pays for his bit of coal and light at night.

Well, first one and then the other of his relations dropped giving him a bit of food, and tried to persuade the poor old man to go into the workhouse. He told me how he dreaded this; how he had worked until he was eighty, and it would break his heart to have to go there, so I took on myself to keep the old chap in food, and in order to do so I got a little housework job for three mornings a week. I have two children; the youngest is two years old, and I used to leave him with the old chap while I went. But for this last month his health seems failing; he has had one very bad heart attack, and he is not safe to leave alone for long, although he is not helpless by any means.

Now, his relations say that if anything happens to him in being here, or in getting here, I shall be blamed for not letting him go to the workhouse, as they think it is the best place for him. I don't want to part with the poor old man. I do not begrudge his little bit of food; I feel that if he goes in the workhouse he will fret and die, and yet if anything happens to him here, they say I shall be blamed. What would you advise me to do?

"Humanist" says:—*This is a very simple record of a big-hearted woman's wonderful charity. We may be sure that she herself has very little to spare, and yet in her noble generosity she undertakes this burden. This is my idea of a Christian. I don't see how any blame can be given to her—nothing but praise can possibly be awarded one who has done what she has done. If she can stand the extra work, let her go on. I shall be glad to send on to her any little help that comes along. "Rowley Mile," who has a wholly unauthorised fund of his own, has handed me £2 to send to this good woman.*

The Waster's Love for His Mother

I AM the black sheep of the family, but none the worse for that. I started my life as a waster at the age of 14, when I was sent to Netherton Training School for four years for stealing a 1s. 11½d. shirt. I enlisted, at the age of 19, in the Yorkshire Regiment. Saw service in France, Belgium and Germany, wounded twice, and also got into trouble.

In 1917 I was sentenced to death for deserting. I was never as near death as I was that time, and your paper was crying out about young soldiers being shot in France, and to this day I salute JOHN BULL. I was reprieved and sentenced to 10 years' penal servitude, which I worked off in the front line.

After my discharge I came home, only to find no work, and I fell again, which fall cost me 12 months' hard labour.

I came out of prison on April 26th this year. I have been out of work for this last three years. But, thank God, I have a good mother, whose heart I have nearly broken. Still she is, and always will be, a good English mother to me. I would do anything in this world to pay her a quarter of the debt I owe her.

I don't suppose you can give me any advice, as to how to get work, to repay the tired hands that have helped a friendless waster."

"Humanist" says:—*It is pretty difficult to find a job for a man without a good character. I must say that I admire your candour, as I respect your good intentions. Your mother should mean too much to you for you to fall again. Perhaps one of my readers will take a risk and offer you a job. The writer lives in the county of Durham.*

Should Cousins Marry?

"TWO years ago I fell in love with my cousin, and she with me, and still we love each other and are very desirous of marrying. At the beginning of this I knew nothing of intermarriage and its risk, at least I understand that there is some risk attached to cousins marrying concerning the children of such a marriage. Is this really true? I can find no authority on the matter to ask advice from, and I appeal to you to speak the truth about intermarriage. I may add that I already know one old couple who are cousins and married many years ago. They have one child and he is now a minister in charge of a large congregation in a big city. But, on the other hand, there is another couple whose children, three in all, have been very small in stature—in fact, dwarfs.

We are both young and healthy and we have no bodily defects. Now what can we do?"

"Humanist" says:—*In interbreeding (to put it coarsely) the only real consideration is the health of the parties and such peculiar physical abnormalities as either may possess. Mendel's theory, namely, that normal animals breed to the best that is in them (the dominant) has proved to be sound. There seems to be no reason whatever why two healthy young people should not produce healthy children, even though they are cousins.*

The Girl Who Was False

"IN 1914 I made the acquaintance of a young lady, to whom afterwards I became very much attached, and naturally looked forward to the day when I could make the girl of my dreams my wife. I was engaged to be married to her when the war broke out in August, and I enlisted in September. My fiancée promised to be true until my duty as a soldier was done.

When I was demobbed I hastened to her and found her in bed, looking, I thought, very white and ill. I kissed her tenderly, and was about to ask her if she felt better, when from the folds of the blankets by her side there came a terrified wail. Wonderingly, I snatched aside the clothes, and there, revealed to my vision, was a child which was almost coal-black.

I fainted from the shock and her mother afterwards told me that the father of the child was a negro who had been visiting them during my absence. That was the last time I saw her. Later the child died. She wrote endless letters afterwards, saying she still loved me and begging for forgiveness. I received the last only yesterday.

What shall I do? I still love her, and I am afraid I was too severe when I said what I did.

"Humanist" says:—*Leave the lady severely alone. It is a pathological fact that there is a probability that your children by her may be coloured. I saw one case in Africa, and I have heard of others, where the white widow of a black man (I use the word "widow" out of politeness) has borne coloured children to a subsequent white husband. Anyway, she must be a pretty nasty girl.*

ONE GUINEA will be awarded each week to the sender of the best Human Document. This week's winner is "ONE WORTH HELPING."

Look sharp! It's Sharp's!
EPISODES like this may be few, but the kiddies will always make a joyous rush whenever Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee is to be had, and now that it is packed in wonderful drum containers—complete with drumsticks—well, they simply must have it. Take a drum of Super-Kreem home to-day and see them dance for joy. They love the toffee—so delicious and nourishing—but the drum—what endless joy it gives.
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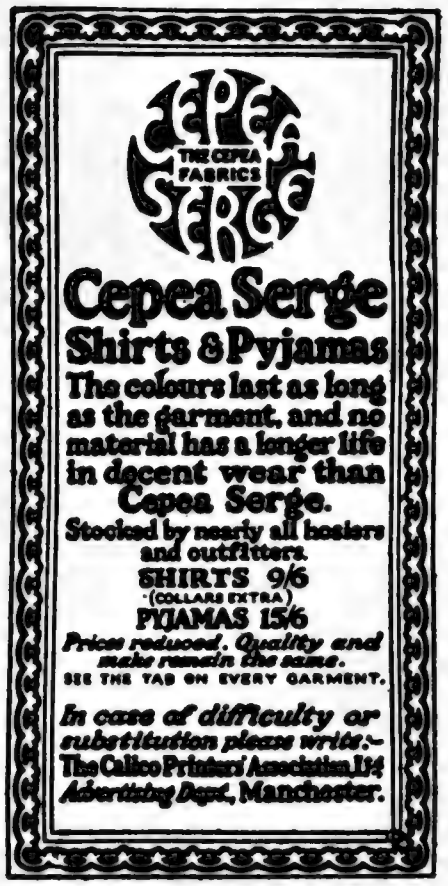
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Margot Replies

Bertie, our Impertinent Interviewer, gives us an idea of what Mrs. Asquith might say to critics of her latest book

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN the Impertinent Interviewer was shown into the room "Margot" was lounging in an arm-chair, smoking a cigarette.

"Talking about the second volume of your 'Autobiography'——" began Bertie.

"Of course, *everybody* is talking about it. Whatever we Tennants do is talked about. As a girl, I couldn't even ride a horse up the stairs of a Mayfair mansion and knock over a few statues without people talking. It seems to amuse them, and it doesn't hurt me. In fact, I rather like it. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, you know. I suppose, with the exception of the man who invented purple pills for pallid people, I'm the best-advertised person in England."

"I suppose so," agreed Bertie; "and—er—one of the best-abused."

"You mean by scandalmongers like the Duchess of ——?"

"Mrs. Asquith, *please*!" begged Bertie. "I'd rather you didn't mention the lady's name; she may have a mother—quite a number of ladies *do*. No, when I said you were abused I meant by the critics. They've said a good deal about you and I thought you might like to say a word or two about them."

"I don't want to be hard on the poor dears," replied Mrs. Asquith, "but they really are the most amusing lot of old she-males. If I write about people who are dead they tell me I'm irreverent; when I write about the living, it's bad taste; when I write about myself, I'm egotistical; and when I write about love, the old he-frumps are so shocked that they split their infinitives with indignation."

"I suppose it *is* hard to satisfy 'em," murmured the Interviewer. "They also suggest that some of the men whom you say proposed to you have—er—no recollection of having done so."

"Good lord! you don't expect me to remember all those little details accurately, do you?" exclaimed Margot. "As a girl, I had so many proposals that I may have got some of the names a bit mixed. Men were constantly making love to my sister and me. We Tennants could never prevent the poor dears becoming infatuated with us."

"I notice, too," Bertie told her, "that some critics think your political comments are biased."

"Don't you believe it," was the reply. "I'm a scrupulously fair-minded person—all we Tennants are. When I refer to 'That scoundrel Z——' I mean it. The man *is* a scoundrel!"

"May I ask, Mrs. Asquith, if in writing in this way of political opponents you are expressing the feelings of Mr. Asquith?"

"Heavens, no! Henry is an angel and never abuses anybody. After he has been attacked in the House he just toddles off to his room and reads Dickens. No, you needn't blame Henry for any of my remarks. To quote the title of a book by my brilliant daughter, Elizabeth—a real Tennant!—'I Have Only Myself To Blame.'"

"Well, many thanks for clearing up these points," said the Interviewer, preparing to leave. "But just one more question: Do you intend writing any more books?"

"The lord knows!" was the answer. "You can never tell what we Tennants will do next! In the words of my distinguished husband, I can only advise you to — wait and see!"

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"YARMOUTH MERCURY":—"Mr. Colbeck moved the re-election of Mr. Rivett as a director . . . Mr. H. J. Bracey, who SECONDED, said THEY COULD HAVE A BETTER OR MORE BUSINESS-LIKE MAN."

"EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO" (advertisement):—"Widow Lady . . . wishes to correspond with Gentleman BORN BY BIRTH."

"CHESTER CHRONICLE":—"The bridesmaid . . . wore a GREY costume of ORANGE-COLOUR."

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE"—"Peers will be in their scarlet and ermine robes, and peeresses will wear their CORNETS."

"SOVEREIGN MAGAZINE":—"Her fat RED cheeks were WHITE AS CHALK."

"WESTERN MAIL":—"It will warm a ROOM about 10 IN. BY 9 IN."

"DAILY NEWS":—"Easter Island . . . is FULL OF REMARKABLE STATUES. Some of them are 86 feet high; ONE . . . IS NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM."

"SURBITON TIMES":—"Recent finds include two Roman pots and a gold coin BEARING THE DATE B.C. 30."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—"Salesman, experienced, Wanted . . . WIDOW DRESSER."

"ABERDEEN EVENING GAZETTE" (advertisement):—"MAHOGANY Bedroom Suite, comprising OAK 4 ft. Wardrobe, Dressing Chest."

"YELLOW MAGAZINE":—"Don't blame me if you AWAKE ONE MORNING TO FIND YOURSELF ASSASSINATED."

THE SINGING WIDOWS

One of the Little Known Joys of Job

HAVE you ever experienced the joys of Job?

Job, sitting in sackcloth among the ashes, smitten with sore boils from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, yet had joys of recollection.

Recalling the days of his prosperity, he said: "I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

There are a few of the widows whose hard lot we have been able to lighten a little during the past week.

One is sitting in vigil in a house of sorrow at the bedside of her dying son. Since the death of her husband her life has been a long-drawn-out tragedy. Two years ago, at Christmastime, her four children were struck down with diphtheria. They recovered very slowly, and the eldest girl is still in a very weak condition.

Her eldest boy, the promise of comfort in her widowhood, is now eighteen, but he is doomed. After suffering from numerous hæmorrhages, he was operated upon in September, and the doctors found that a cancer was slowly eating away his life. She sits by him night and day, comforting him as only a tender mother can, until the time, not far distant, when he will be taken from her.

It would be sad enough without the dark cloud of extreme poverty overshadowing it all. The furniture has dwindled away, and the rent is in arrear and credit is exhausted. Still she suffers uncomplainingly.

It may be too much to hope that we could cause this widow's heart to sing for joy, but she will at least be comforted by the knowledge that she is not entirely forgotten in her affliction.

Another is sixty-five years old and quite unable to work. She has to remain in a cold room with scarcely any bedclothes to cover her, other than a borrowed blanket. What a boon a fire and warm clothes would be to her.

A third has six children all under sixteen to support, and no means whatever except a little Guardians relief. A very little means a great deal to such a one.

Help us to make these widows sing through our "Greatest of These——" Fund, and your own heart will be lighter.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Holly Berries as big as Blood Oranges!

—and prickles that run you through like bayonets . . . .

Want a good laugh?—then read "Cousin Cyrus Gets His" by A. A. Thomson in "John Bull's" Xmas 'Xtra.

The holly bough and the mistletoe are entwined in interesting fashion round such stories as these: "A Christmas Eve Match," "The Man Who Caught the Christmas Spirit," "Christmas Pantomime," "The New Scrooge."

And Leo Cheney, Heath Robinson and Alfred Leete are some of the famous artists who give you of their best in this the best of all Christmas numbers.

This number is melting on the bookstalls like icicles in the sun. Get your copy early. Price 6d.

Cut out this Coupon it is worth 12/7d.

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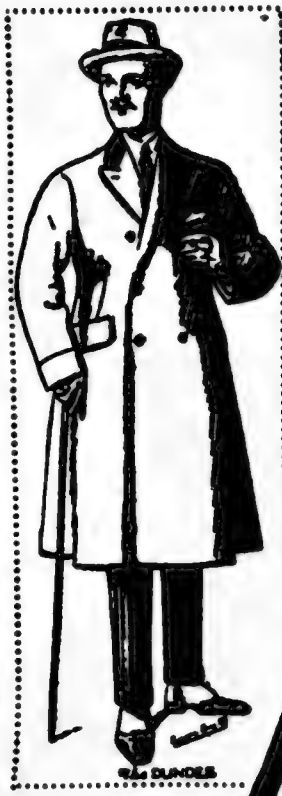

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Record Jumping Season.

If one is entitled to judge from the happenings during the first few days of the campaign, the present jumping season is likely to prove a record-breaker. At all events, it is quite evident that many influential supporters of the Turf are now turning their attention to the "lepping" business and a glance at the calendar will reveal that a greater number of high-class horses are to have their attention turned to "timber-topping" this winter than has been the case for many seasons past.

A Word to the N.H.

This being so, the time has arrived for the Stewards of the National Hunt Committee to put their house in order. There are several flagrant abuses connected with the "illegitimate" sport, and one which should be stamped out, and speedily too, is the practice pursued by certain owners and trainers of giving their horses a "school" in public. Every animal contesting a race is entitled-to be regarded as a serious competitor, and as such his running should be watched and adjudicated upon.

The Public "School."

This practice of giving a horse a public "school," is not so much in evidence at the beginning of the season as during the two months preceding the Grand National. Then we see animals "going round" without the faintest pretence being made of getting them near the front, and though those behind the scenes are fully aware of the method of procedure, members of the general public are frequently hopelessly mystified.

—SELECTIONS—

The horses in parentheses after the black letter selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.

GATWICK (WEDNESDAY)—
1. **Governor Wood** (Tim).
1.30 **Quarnerolo** (Yewden, Brotherhood).
2. **White Surrey*** (Daisy Cutter, Vico).
2.30 **Count Ross** (Dorado, Ninon).
3. **Knockuroghery II.** (Loch Allen, Irlandais)
3.30 **Perfect Knight** (Woodford Green, Agricola).

GATWICK (THURSDAY)—
1.0 **Care Free** (Glen Eagle, Gay Scholar).
1.30 **Bernersy** (Rocklight II.).
2.0 **Clashing Arms** (Expeditious).
2.30 **Groomsport** (Gerald D., Redhill).
3.0 **Manrico** (White Ronald, The Bleeks).
3.30 **Swynnyth** (King George, Care Free).

SANDOWN PARK (FRIDAY)—
1.0 **Spean** (Court Bleddyn, Glance).
1.30 **Triple Blue** (Mask Off).
2.0 **Golden Hero** (Dorado).
2.30 **Daydawn** (Norton, Gerald L.).
3.0 **Groomsport** (Gerald D., Cruiser Arc).
3.30 **Bargate*** (Loch Allen, The Bore).

SANDOWN PARK (SATURDAY)—
1.0 **Mask Off** (Tim).
1.30 **Bedalia** (Perico, Ilderton).
2.0 **Pay Only*** (Portmore, Madrigal).
2.30 **Waterbottle** (Kirkharle, Killesher).
3.0 **Expeditious** (Pollen, Good Points).
3.30 **Aldersey** (Yahna).

HAYDOCK PARK (FRIDAY)—
1.0 **Butterthwaite** (Baydon).
1.30 **Au Fait** (Turbine Secundus).
2.0 **Aubretia** (Derryboy II., Woden).
2.30 **Venizelos** (Lifebuoy, Muz).
3.0 **Ammonal** (Smashaway).
3.30 **Hairpin II.*** (Foxtrot).

HAYDOCK PARK (SATURDAY).
1.0 **Toyboat** (Noble Guard).
1.30 **Llanthony** (Eton, Rochetta).
2.0 **Silent Sands*** (Soothing Glass).
2.30 **Aisle** (House, Lusiad).
3.0 **Drumree** (Stormpoint, Ulster Division).
3.30 **Cossque** (Arun Bridge).

A Case at Gatwick.

Particularly well do I recollect an instance of the sort which occurred at Gatwick last year. Two Grand National candidates, each ridden by a famous amateur, were among the runners, and they jogged along serenely side by side throughout, their riders, between the last two fences, talking as unconcernedly as if they were in a railway carriage, and as if the result of the race were a matter of no moment whatever. A remark to a well-known racecourse official who happened to be standing by as to the ethics of this performance merely elicited a significant smile.

Tell the Stewards.

Instances of this sort could be multiplied *ad nauseam* if any good purpose were to be served thereby, and I say most emphatically that the subject should be tackled fearlessly by the National Hunt Committee. Moreover, while they are about it, the ruling body would do well to issue an instruction to local stewards that they should be no respecters of persons.

SOME HORSES.

Sprig.—This horse is usually seen to best advantage somewhat late in the season, but he is now very forward in condition, and may be expected to score at an early date.

Sun Charmer.—A very speedy customer, this colt has taken to hurdles as to the manner born, and is certain to be turned to good account.

Tomahawk.—No novice over timber, this horse has improved in his jumping since last season, and is tolerably certain to pay to follow.

White Ronald.—This horse is just as much at home at the bigger fences as over hurdles, and is worth making a note of when competing in novices' steeplechases.

Scotch Ben.—Although not exactly a top-sawyer, this horse is useful in his class, and can be placed to win a handicap steeplechase.

Quick March.—The Royston trainer does not patronise the jumping game to any great extent, but he has a useful youngster in this gelding, whom report credits with having taken very kindly to hurdling.

Promoted.

"Chelsea have a good inside forward in their reserve team," said Jock Rutherford to me early in the season. He was alluding to Thain, who has since had his chance with the first team and utilised it to the extent of stopping there. Thain has natural polish, although nowadays Chelsea want goals more than style.

Still Useful.

I notice that Bob Whittingham has left one of Arnold Bennett's five towns and gone to Wrexham. It seems a long time since Whittingham was one of the Stamford Bridge stars, but perhaps there is a good bit of football in him yet. Some nasty comparisons are made in the Stamford Bridge stands by the fans who remembered Whittingham at his best, Windridge, Vivian Woodward and others. None of this trio was a mere runner only.

Versatility.

For sheer versatility Bobby Connelly, of Port Vale, has it on most pros. He started this season at centre-half, and has since played in all the forward positions except inside-left. Connelly consequently is a valued asset and, what is more, he's enthusiastic enough to take on anybody else's job at a moment's notice without kicking against it.

"Kiss Me," Hardy!

When Notts Forest had eight goals scored against them at Burnley, it is superfluous to add that Sam Hardy was not playing. It is 15 years since Sam commenced his collection of international caps, and were there a referendum among the leading players to find England's best goalkeeper, he would be back in his old place. In many years of close touch with the professionals I have heard more genuine compliments paid to Hardy than to any modern footballer. The Aston Villa management made a real bloomer when they arrived at the astounding decision that Sam was passè.

Raisbeck Redivivus.

"It's a pity that red-headed chap was playing," said the wife of a well-known player after Liverpool had beaten the side she was more interested in. She referred to Alec Raisbeck, whose football genius in these days is directed towards lifting Bristol City back to the prominence of Billy Wedlock's days. Raisbeck had a terrible lot of spade work to do in the chocolate town, but he has evolved a highly improved side.

A Coming Back.

I am glad to see that Howarth is back in the Bolton team. I regarded him as the most promising back I saw last season after an immaculate display at Chelsea, where in a quagmire he did not put a foot wrong. One of Howarth's greatest admirers is James Howcroft, and our star referee does not make many mistakes.

Quite Right, Too.

Joe Shaw, who is now coaching the Arsenal nursery, hit the nail in the right spot the other day when he told a meeting of referees that 75 per cent. of the present-day players do not know all the rules. Quite a number do not even know the elementary ones. The petulant protests against glaring cases of offside, for instance, are a source of weekly annoyance to anybody who can see straight.

Too Much Talent.

Falkirk have such a wealth of talent that there is even some talk of Slaney moving to the Aston Villa enclosure. A Scottish friend writes me that Slaney has something about him reminiscent of McMenemy, and a young player can have no better advertisement than that. Incidentally, I have exuberant reports of Wood, a talented outside-right, who cannot get a regular place in Falkirk's first team at the moment.

FORECASTS FOR DECEMBER 9.

(Nap Selections in black type.)

HOME WINNERS.

Arsenal, Aston Villa, **Manchester C.**, **Bolton W.**, Huddersfield, Palace, Fulham, **Southampton**, **S. Shields**, Stockport, Wolverhampton, **Brighton**, Bristol C., Exeter, Newport, Northampton, **Plymouth**, **Watford**, Ashington, Chesterfield, Halifax, Hartlepools, Wigan, **Aberdeen**, **Airdrieonians**, Alloa, Hibernians **Morton**, Partick T.

AWAY WINNERS.

Sunderland, Tottenham, **Notts C.**, **Manchester U.**, Norwich, Swansea, **Nelson**, **Walsall**, Stalybridge, **Hearts**.

DRAWS.

Burnley v. Middlesbro', **Stoke v. Cardiff**, Newcastle v. Liverpool, Oldham **v. Preston**, Clapton v. Bury, Hull **v. Barnsley**, **Wednesday v. Leicester**, Millwall v. Portsmouth, Queen's P.R. v. Brentford, Barrow v. Southport, **Celtic v. Falkirk**, Raith R. v. Ayr, Rangers v. Dundee.

SUGGESTED COUPS.

8 HOME:—Manchester C., Fulham, Brighton, Plymouth, Watford, Wigan, Aberdeen, Hibernians.

4 AWAY:—Notts C., Sunderland, Nelson, Walsall.

5 HOME:—Plymouth, Watford Aberdeen, Bristol City, Wigan.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW:—Aberdeen, Notts C., Wednesday v. Leicester.

3 DRAWS:—Oldham v. Preston, Wednesday v. Leicester, Celtic v. Falkirk

John Bull's Footballers

No. 12.—W. HARDY (Cardiff City)

W. HARDY, the Cardiff City half—and the most reliable man on their books—is an Englishman, but he had to go to Scotland first and Wales later to make his name.

Even the Scots did not see the possibilities of this typical son of Northumberland. Perhaps his thickset body and short, sturdy legs did not suggest class. The fetish for the big man is still rampant in a lot of places.

But you would not get the Cardiff manager to swop Hardy for any half-back living. He got Hardy as a sort of make-weight with another player, when Mr. Stewart managed Stockport County, and I believe Hardy cost that club the bottom limit—which is nothing. When Mr. Stewart moved to Cardiff, Hardy went with him, and was by a long way the most important item of the luggage.

Not exactly a tonsorial monopolist, Hardy suggests the veteran. Instead, he is a full-blooded 90 minutes player, one of the most relentless tacklers in the game, and has a leap which more than makes up for lack of inches. When the ball is in the air the layers want 7 to 4 about Hardy getting his nut to it.

Hardy gets a cheer wherever he plays. He's one of those cheerful little fellows you like instantaneously. The longer the odds, the better he plays, and he's got nothing to do with Cardiff's 1922 lapse.

He ought to have been capped before this, but our F.A. won't go out of England for its players. I don't know why, nor is there a genuine reason. Hardy is but one of the victims of a doubtful policy.

P. S.

(Next week—The Celtic F.C.).

A Pen for your friend for Xmas—a £3,000 prize for yourself. See page 23.

How to Bet!

Picking Your Own Winners Successfully

This article is the first of a series written by an ex-handicapper, who sets forth simply and clearly the principles upon which betting on race-horses can be made a remunerative amusement. By studying his advice and adopting his methods the element of financial risk may be reduced as much as is possible in this great game.

OF all the complexities of the British character, the psychology of the racing public is probably one of the most interesting studies of the present time.

While there has been a falling off in heavy or substantial business, the Turf never enjoyed such widespread popularity. People who years ago would have thought it a sin, now freely have their flutter, and possibly the explanation of this change of character can be put down to the aftermath of the war.

There are certain established principles in connection with the Turf which even the shrewdest professional never overlooks, nor for the matter of that does the intelligent bookmaker. There is a margin—a small one, it is true—but it does exist, and there is no reason to go to Monte Carlo if you can collar this margin.

The bookmaker deals in figures—not horses. When favourites are rolling home, it is a common assumption that he is losing. Not necessarily. With 6 to 4A, 7 to 4B, and the field to play with, he can often make a profit if either the first or second favourite happens to win.

In order to get him down to "rations," there are certain maxims which must not be departed from, and here are a few:—

(1) *Patience, first and foremost.*

(2) *No every day business.*

(3) *Avoid favourites*; the "bookie" who said that he knew nothing, and didn't want to about "them things called mathematics" was talking horse sense. "All I want to do," he said, "is to lay 6 to 4 the field!"

Exactly. There you have your opponent's case in a nutshell.

The horse which starts at 6 to 4 in a biggish field in a five-furlong sprint has the same chance of being badly drawn, badly off, or interfered with as the most despised outsider.

The public are too apt to forget that a horse or a mare is so much flesh and blood—not a machine—and in this erroneous belief they rush to absurd conclusions.

Two recent results ought in all conscience to be sufficient to convince them on this point. Light Dragoon, controlled by one of the shrewdest divisions in England (four Cambridgeshires to their credit, viz., Hackler's Pride and Christmas Daisy, both twice), and not a bean on the Dragoon! He was beaten in his trial, and so their money was on another one. Inside of a very few weeks we find at least a stone difference in the form of Royal Lancer and Bucks Hussar!

Paradoxical as it may seem, to be successful at racing it is essential that a person should not be a gambler in the accepted meaning of the term. He should have a thorough knowledge of his subject, but at the same time such an abundance of patience as to miss many races, and many a day's racing.

How many men could resist the temptation, after having a good win, not to have another fling? Even the shrewdest of them fall. They have all done it, and will continue to do it, but the hope is expressed that readers of "J. B." will not contribute to the upkeep of the fraternity in this fashion.

The successful operator acts systematically. He never invests on a horse without sound reason, he varies his stakes, and in fact he takes as much interest in figures as bookmakers do. So long as the latter can get the public to accept 6 to 4 about a horse whose chance would be more accurately represented at 5 to 1, then he can comfortably pay out on the average of about one favourite in four being successful, which has been proved for years.

Now let us examine by what method the average backer concludes that a horse should win a particular race. You will hear some of them say: "I fancy so-and-so." Ask them for their reasons and you will find that, in the majority of cases, there is no commonsense to back up their conclusions.

Some will say that a certain horse is "well in," which, if the assumption were correct, would really mean that the person who should know most about the business, viz., the handicapper, had made a serious blunder. The only justification for such an assertion would be in the case of a horse winning a race which did not involve him in a penalty for a subsequent and immediate engagement—a somewhat rare occurrence.

Generally speaking, the "expert" who pitches on a horse because he thinks it is "well in" would, if asked to handicap two horses over a distance suitable to one, but not to the other, be found to be some stones out in his reckoning.

The weights can be left to the handicappers who are on the spot to know their business, and, as a rule, do their work, wonderfully well. It is not often that they make mistakes, and when occasionally what looks like a very serious one is pointed out in the Press it is a remarkable fact that the alleged "walk-over" rarely materialises.

Almost invariably something comes to the assistance of the handicapper.

On the other hand, a punter may select a horse because it happens to be the mount of a particular jockey, overlooking the fact that the said jockey is merely carrying out a stable engagement, and that his mount may in no way be fancied. There would be reason for such a selection if a *leading* jockey, whether he be heavy, middle, or lightweight, were engaged outside of his stable.

The fact is that there is no such thing as a "certainty" in racing—if there were the "Turf" would die a natural death. Horses, like human beings, are just as liable to have good and bad days. A horse may, after a successful trial, in the estimation of his trainer possess a winning chance; in fact, he may be quite a "good thing."

But let us see what may happen to him before he gets his head past the post. He may have a bad railway journey. In the actual race he may draw a very bad position; he may be perfectly quiet at the "gate," and yet seriously injured by a fractious animal; he may get badly off, and be practically out of the race from the start; he may get shut out; he may get beaten on the post through over-confidence on the part of his rider; and, finally, assuming he gets over all these obstacles, there may be an objection.

Next week's article will give 12 important points to bear in mind before putting your money on.

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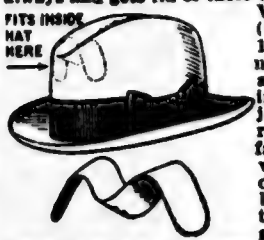

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Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential.

The Empire's Moral Plague Spot.

I should like to ask the Under-Secretary of the Colonies if his Department is taking any steps to remedy the appalling conditions of life which exist in certain islands of the West Indies under the British flag, upon which the late Under-Secretary (now Minister for Education) has issued a report. Is he aware that in St. Kitts, the illegitimate birth-rate is more than three times the legitimate birth-rate, that in Antigua illegitimate births also greatly outnumber legitimate births, and in some of the islands there is scarcely a girl of over 12 years of age who is a virgin?—"West Indian," Richmond Hill.

Clinging to Trouble in the East.

I wish someone would ask the Minister for Foreign Affairs to state what are the exact difficulties in the way of our evacuating the interior of Mesopotamia, and whether it would not be as effective to "hold" the country, in a military sense, if we remained in Basra?

Also whether the occupation of Mesopotamia may not involve us in still further adventures against the Bolshevik Government, who are not only financially and economically interested in the Kemalists, but have also considerable forces on the Mesopotamian frontiers.—Edgar Wallace, 71, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W. 1.

Reforming the Divorce Laws.

In view of the grave recommendation of a Royal Commission, the recent pronouncements of several of our judges, the misery which blights tens of thousands of our homes, the crime which constantly arises from our morbid situation, will the Home Secretary introduce at once a Bill to bring our divorce legislation somewhere near the level of the law of every other civilisation of modern times?—Joseph McCabe, 40, Bridge Lane, Golders Green, N.W. 11.

Those Empty Houses.

In very many parts of London whole blocks of large houses remain untenanted. The expenses of running an establishment of this description as one household place them far beyond the means of most people. Landlords are absolutely unable to sell or let under present conditions.

Were these houses converted into maisonettes or flats there would be no difficulty whatever in finding good class tenants, yet the Supreme Landlords refuse their permission.

Why should these houses be allowed to stand empty when their conversion would not only considerably alleviate the housing difficulty in London, but would also help to lift the burden of the rates from the smaller houses in the district?—E. E. Barrett, S. Kensington.

Getting the Value in Education.

Fifty years and more have passed away since the State undertook the education of the people as a national charge, and considering the enormous increase in educational expenditure since the passing of Mr. Foster's Act, in 1870, I feel that it is time that a Royal Commission or some such authoritative body should be invited to report upon the question of whether the State gets full value for the money which it spends upon education, in regard to (i.) The provision of satisfactory buildings for teaching, especially class rooms: (ii.) The size of classes; (iii.) The subjects taught and the quality of the teaching; (iv.) The payment of teachers; (v.) The moral effect of the teachers and their teaching upon the pupils' characters.

The inquiry should apply to all such schools as receive pecuniary support from the State or from local authorities.—J. E. C. Welldon, The Deanery, Durham.

A Fateful Document.

Oil is troubling the waters. France has secured the reversion of the 25 per cent. share of the oil of Mesopotamia once alloted to Germany by Britain. Will someone ask in Parliament for the document constituting the Anglo-German oil syndicate consummated at the Foreign Office on June 26th, 1914, and bearing the signature of Baron von Kuhlmann?—D. A. (Edinburgh).

Public Money—Easy Come, Easy Go!

"It is high time someone made a statement as to the methods by which the Government issues guarantees under the Trade Facilities Act. For instance, £120,000 has been guaranteed for the Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co. for cottages, despite the fact that this Company paid a 10 per cent. dividend on its ordinary shares, and that its £1 shares are now well over 30s. Other companies with stock at a premium have received the same generous treatment. £25,000,000 have already been authorised. When is it going to stop?"—W. M. MURRAY, Ashton-under-Lyme.

To Ensure World Peace.

I would like to know:—
(i.) What are the Government disarmament proposals—because guns are made to go off—and especially as regards international control and limitation of aeroplanes? (ii.) Because tariffs breed animosities, will the Government repeal the Key Industries Act, and re-establish Free Trade? (iii.) Is the Government whole-hearted in believing in the League of Nations as the best instrument for securing the permanent peace of the world, and if not, what is its counter-proposals?—Harold Brighouse, Savage Club.

Your Platform!

YOU want to talk. Talk here. Talk as strongly as you can and rest assured that you'll be heard

Mothers' Rights over Children.

What are the intentions of the Government with regard to two Bills of *special importance to women, i.e.*, the Bill relating to the guardianship of children (the object of which is to give married mothers equal rights with fathers over their children), and the Bill dealing with the children of unmarried parents.

Private Bills were introduced in successive years by Mr. Neville Chamberlain and Captain Bowyer, and the last Government introduced a Bill dealing with some aspects of the question. A wider Bill, upon the lines of Captain Bowyer's, is much wanted.

Do the Government propose to introduce or to pass the Bill already introduced by the late Government?—Lilian Fisher (Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher), 28, Ashley Gardens, S.W. 1.

To Reduce Rates.

The calamitous state of the nation, due to the destruction of foreign trade through war, makes it imperative that the Prime Minister should promote legislation to secure that all owners of land shall pay the annual value of the privilege of exclusive possession to a common fund, which, when allocated to the local authorities, would enable them to remove all rates now levied on the homes of the people and upon enterprise.—R. L. Outhwaite, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4.

Back to the Land.

As at the present time there is ample opportunity for the employment of at least an additional two millions of men in agriculture, and as the useful employment of such additional labour would provide a natural and economic solution to the problem of unemployment, will the Government give a day for the discussion of a measure to abolish the existing unjust system of Land Tenure, this being the chief cause of the continued decline in agriculture, with its inevitable results of unused acres and unemployed workers.—J. M. C. 11, Foster Lane, Cheapside, E.C. 2.

Financiers, or the People?

Our new Downing Street friends are naturally in a quandary about Mesopotamia. If they don't get out of it, they'll incur the displeasure of the electors. If they do get out of it, they'll incur the displeasure of the financiers.

Besides, several hundred millions sterling have been squandered on the country, and we would like to see a little of it back.

Then there is the question of India and our Eastern prestige. The evacuation of a conquered country is, in the eyes of the Oriental races, an admission of defeat. Also we hate to see a territory to which we have brought order and prosperity given over to pillage and devastation. If the powers that be don't clear out, what excuses will they make to Parliament and the country? And will the oil kings give their money as freely as the British soldiers gave their blood?—Edward Gibbons, London.

Intellectually Bankrupt Politicians.

Our politicians are intellectually bankrupt. The situation is simply this. The immense advance in the means of production and distribution of goods during the last half-century made it necessary for us to capture overseas markets in order to dispose of our surplus stocks.

The "economic consequences of the Peace" have now lost us our overseas markets. Any attempt on our part to recapture them will cause friction with America. Meanwhile, because we produce more than we ourselves can consume or afford, the greater our production the greater our unemployment. What is our precious Government going to do about it?—Charles Eversley, Birmingham.

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H. G. (Thirsk).—"Justice should prevent, and not invent, crime." Spoken like Solomon in all his glory.

WOMAN IN LOVE (Portsmouth).—"Am I doing wrong in loving a married man?" Not if he is married to you.

JIMMIE (Penang).—"Is there any other way you can help me in shortness of money?" Sounds like a Chinese puzzle.

G. S. (Plymouth).—"If my idea is no good, throw it in the waste-paper basket." We have carried out your wishes.

M. P. (Stamford Brook).—"Where does the water go to when the tide goes out?" Why to America of course—certainly not to Scotland!

S. M. (Wallington).—"Is it true that one can smoke inside a 'bus?" The 'bus company can't stop you, but the conductor will. Try it.

F. G. (Stockport).—"A matrimonial agency need not be fraudulent." Of course they *need* not, but unfortunately most of them are.

INDIFFERENT (Wimborne).—Is it bad luck to kill a black wild rabbit or even to have one given you? Not if the gamekeeper isn't looking.

FREDDY (Paisley).—"How is it that a fly can walk upside down on a ceiling?" It has to. Ever seen a fly walk upside down on the floor?

C. D. T. (Wigan).—"Who was it said that we are 'a nation of lions led by asses'?" It was Napoleon, and between ourselves, there have been times when the statement was justified.

NON CREDO (London).—"There are, it appears, a very terrible lot of nice girls in London, but are they all as ignorant as the one I know? I have known her a long time." Birds of a feather, "Credo," flock together.

A. S. (Dorset).—"Is there such a thing as luck. Please give a definition of the word?" Luck is a favourable issue or combination of circumstances. For instance, if you left us £20,000 we should think ourselves distinctly lucky.

MISS C. T. (Tunbridge Wells).—"I can do anything from managing a household to dressing a baby, but I can't get a job." Perhaps a good plan would be to get a household and baby of your own. May we speak for you?

G. A. (Sheffield).—"I came up to London for the Motor Show, but I didn't think much of your wonderful city." Let us have a note of the alterations you would like made, and we will take the matter up with the proper authorities.

NACEIP (Southampton).—"Are ballot papers numbered at the back with a serial number?" No.

F. M. (Birmingham).—"How does a soap bubble hold together?" But it doesn't—for long.

BOXER.—"I have been much struck by a certain black man in our district." Send for Joe Beckett.

A MOTHER (Anonymous).—"Is it true that certain doctors suggest that insane children be destroyed?" 'Tis true, 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true.

GERALD (Ilkeston).—"Why not a bureau for jokes and stories?" There's no law against starting one if you have the time and means.

OLD READER (London, W.).—"We are troubled in this district every night with howling cats and dogs." We have just left that neighbourhood ourselves.

M. F. (Clitheroe).—"Crossing some fields the other night I saw a very strange sight." Our advice is that you should go straight home from your work in future.

J. T. C. (Doncaster).—"Will you join our Xmas Party?" If the engagements we have already booked fall through we'll be on the mat at 12 sharp.

WOMAN READER (Torquay).—"Mr. Bonar Law hasn't made a good impression on ex-Servicemen. Why pander to him?" That is the last thing in the world we should think of doing.

A. G. (West Houghton).—"I have considered the question and have discovered how to find employment for thousands." You're just the man needed in Downing Street.

YOUNG BILL.—"I suppose that there are one or two things that even you don't know." Your name and address, for instance, which you haven't the pluck to send.

MISS A. L. N. (Parkstone).—"My father is a strict Sabbatarian and will not read Sunday papers." To be strictly consistent he ought not even to blow his nose.

A. M. W. (Portsmouth).—"My opinion of Lloyd George is that he is an out and out outsider." The rest of your views are too utterly utter to utter.

B. J. T. (Cardiff).—"Are the Chinese ever likely to become the foremost nation of the world?" In point of numbers they are. In point of honesty they are. Beyond that, the answer is in the negative.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

MOLLY (Walworth).—"People must think JOHN BULL is an encyclopædia." And it is, Mol.

AMBITIOUS (Richmond).—"What is the real secret of authorship?" Telling lies convincingly.

RED FLAG (Bow).—"I will give this Government twelve months." "Hard," or second division?

PATRIOT (Reading).—"What did Lloyd George say a month ago?" We weren't listening very closely.

C. T. (Torquay).—"You have been the means of helping me in my life struggle." Such praise we value more than we can say.

C. T. (Chailey).—"I am the most stupid person on politics that ever lived." Maybe you know more about birds and bees.

K. L. C. (Sunderland).—"Very few people take an intelligent interest in politics." Perhaps so, but you needn't adopt such a sniffy tone.

R. Y. (Kilburn).—"All that I have said in my letter is true, and you know it." Perhaps so, but we cannot accept your *ipse dixit*, as the boy said to the policeman.

MEDIUM (Notting Hill).—"It has been revealed to me that neither Shakespeare nor Bacon wrote the famous plays. What are the facts?" Why ask us? Have another revelation.

LOOKER ON (Droitwich).—"There is very little genuine altruism in these days." We hate these wild and sweeping statements. We can't contradict them.

POOR BUT AMBITIOUS (Sheffield).—"My dream is to become a painter. What do you think of the enclosed specimen of my work?" We think that dreams go by contraries.

FED UP (Cowes).—Gifts of cast off clothing should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, "Greatest of These—" Fund, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2. Many thanks.

PEDAGOGUE (Cirencester).—"People in these days seem to do practically no serious reading." And you say this with the income-tax assessments before you!

MISS A. V. S. (Luton).—"I think people should always be given the benefit of the doubt." Certainly there are cases in which "Not guilty, but don't do it again" is a suitable verdict.

R. C. (Teddington).—"There are crimes worse than murder that should receive the death penalty." Perhaps you would like to go back a hundred years and hang men for stealing sheep.

MRS. A. B. (Acton).—"Landlords and lawyers have no hearts." About landlords you may know best, but there was a lawyer went to Heaven only the other day because his heart was twice the proper size.

MOLLY (Southsea).—"Are men presented at Court?" In some courts.

SUPPORTER (Salisbury).—"Where is the working man going?" Far—if he keeps his head.

HELEN M. (Macclesfield).—"Is there any cure for incurable love?" The registrar's office.

ARCHIE (Tooting).—"I want to grow a moustache." Step up and get your permit.

HENPECKED (Chatham).—"It doesn't do to be sat upon these days." Especially after a good meal.

CUTHBERT (Woking).—"Will polygamy ever be adopted in this country?" Not officially.

BOBBIE BURNS (Sunderland).—"I somehow feel that I've got poetry in me." Keep it there, kid.

PLUMBER (Widnes).—"I don't pretend to be particularly clever." Your letter did not deceive us for a moment.

M. N. (Mitcham).—"How many hours' sleep should a female puppy of six weeks require?" All the hours she isn't feeding.

C. E. T. (West Ham).—"My mother was Scotch and my father a Jew. What would you call me?" How would MacIsaacs suit you?

PERCY S. (Vauxhall).—"It is irritating to meet a man who professes to have heard all the jokes that anyone ever tells him." The remedy is, not to tell him.

J. L. D. (Scarborough).—"Strong drink is raging." And so are the people who have to pay the present price of beer.

INDIGNANT (Birmingham).—"My pal insists on kissing my girl when he meets her. What can I do?" How big is he?

MRS. D. (Lincoln).—"My little dog has lost his fur. Is there anything I can do?" Enquire at the Lost Property Office.

G. M. B. (Carlisle).—"I only feel happy when I hear carol-singers." Well, it's something to be happy, if it's only once a year.

PEACEMAKER (Cardiff).—"Ireland is naturally a peaceable nation." We have read about that peace—on tombstones.

KOSMON (Balham).—"A return to strictly natural conditions is the only remedy for our social troubles." Back to the Garden of Eden, eh?

YOUNG HUSBAND (Leith).—"How can one contrive to spend Xmas away from one's mother-in-law without giving offence?" Catch measles.

JUSTICE (Isle of Dogs).—"Europe ought not to tolerate a barbaric country like Greece within its borders." Sorry: can't change the map of Europe too often.

ALICE (Cleckheaton).—"What is the best time to compete in *Bullets*?" There is no best time, a good *Bullet* always wins. Remember the £1,500 offer closes on the 14th.

EX-PUGILIST (Charlton).—"The Government could find jobs for a few men as chuckers-out to the new House of Commons." Or to a few of the constituencies.

R. T. D. (Blackpool).—"How can you know you are objectionable if no one tells you so?" In this frank age, if nobody has told you, you probably aren't.

ADMIRER (Windsor).—"Don't you get bored stiff with having to answer all these silly questions?" Honestly, we like silly questions. What we hate is being asked to give the date of Crippen's execution.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.

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See Page 23.

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

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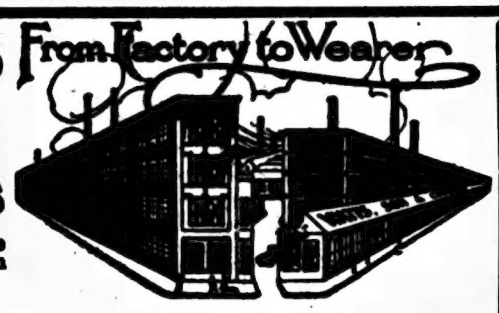

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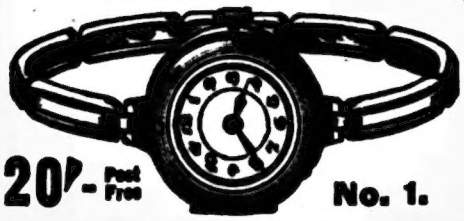

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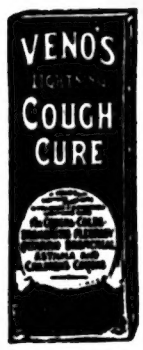
Dry, Harsh, Hacking Coughs.

If you suffer from Bronchial trouble of any kind, take Veno's. It will positively relieve the distress of Asthma and Bronchitis. It soothes and comforts, stops the irritation, and loosens the cough.

Keep it by the bedside and prevent nightly coughing paroxysms. No ordinary "cough mixture" can possibly do such good as this splendid remedy, which is composed of safe and medicinal balsamic essences. All chemists and stores sell it, and it is made by the famous Veno Laboratory at Manchester.



Prices 1/3 and 3/- per bottle. Larger size the more economical.

The Cheapest and the Best.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

THE SPIRIT OF XMAS

How It Persists In Generous Jollity

THERE are two ways of looking at Christmas, one the Scrooge outlook, the cynical, grumbling, gloomy way, the other typical British, what we should call the John Bull way—the genial, kindly, friendly attitude which greets the season of good will, and makes it a time of cheery reunion, of gaiety, good company and good fellowship, and, above all, a time of rapturous happiness for the kiddies.

Which do you prefer? The gloomy dyspeptic outlook, or the bright and cheerfully courageous way? Are you a doleful dumpist, or a real genuine hearty John Bull Britisher?

If you belong to the latter class John Bull greets you as a man and a brother, and begs to introduce to you his contribution to the thoroughly jolly and old-fashioned Christmas.

All you have to do to join in the grand circle of real Christmas celebration is to spend sixpence on the JOHN BULL Christmas Number. You do that—we do the rest!

We believe that you will find it the ideal Christmas Number, a robust and cheerful production, full of good things, and just the kind of good things that are appropriate to the grand crusade for capturing the old-time Christmas spirit.

Among the contributors are writers like Barry Pain, Harold Begbie and Edgar Wallace. You have Harold Owen tilting at Downing Street, and Harrison Owen cheering up the devil in Tophet. A. A. Thomson brings to you a typical Yankee, boasting of Oshkosh turkeys as big as emus and as fierce as lions, and succumbing to the spirit of Christmas in this right little tight little island.

You have A. F. Mason with a ghost story for bachelors only, which of course all the spinsters will insist on reading. Both bachelors and spinsters will want to read Thomas Burke on the Dickens spirit and Seamark on the "Ghost That Did."

These are only appetisers for this great budget of generous fare. Don't forget to get the JOHN BULL Extra Christmas Number, which is on sale everywhere.

During the war the nation was too anxious and pre-occupied to maintain the old and genial traditions of Christmas. Let us recapture that cheerful attitude of mind, and pass it on to the next generation. You can take the first step by bringing home with you the Christmas Number of JOHN BULL.

It is a good investment and the real insurance for a thoroughly happy and jolly Christmas. Do it Now.

WHAT JOHN BULL PAYS

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or **£125**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or **£250**—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.
£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum **rent** during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home & Garden.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to four weeks for disablement by fractured limb.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for **ALL ACCIDENTS.**

Emergency Benefit.

Smallpox—£3 per week (payable up to 6 weeks) should registered reader be totally disabled as a result of contracting Smallpox.

CUT HERE

J.B. 9.12.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."
To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)
Address .....
.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....
Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 9.12.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....
Address .....
.....
Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
Address .....
Date .....

The Shop Window.

A BLUE serge suit is, perhaps, the most useful of all. The Barry Service specialise in a really trustworthy one at £3 10s. 0d., made to measure, equal to those often sold at six guineas. The blue serge from which it is made is backed by the Bradford Corporation certificate, and in addition to the JOHN BULL guarantee, Barry's undertake to refund half-a-crown more than the purchase price if the suit is not satisfactory.

Clarnico Lily Brazils are excellent. Messrs. Clarke, Nicholls and Coombs, the proprietors, have an excellent profit-sharing scheme for their employees, amongst whom over £415,000 have been distributed It is a satisfaction to realise that a big firm can give value and keep their workers "sweet."

The Shredded Wheat Company offer a liberal trial sample packet of their product to our readers free on receipt of a postcard.

The Firmus Company, Ltd., sell an excellent little device for keeping men's soft hats in shape, price 1s. 6d.

Curzon Brothers, Ltd., the well-known tailors, make a special offer—3s. in the £1 for the next ten days.

Two splendid watches offered by Watts, Son and Co., for £1 each, post free, should interest many of our readers for Christmas presents.

Our lady readers will be interested in the Christmas gift announcement of Halliwell's, of Preston.

The free book on Christmas gifts sent by H. Samuel will solve the usual Christmas gift difficulty.

There is an interesting competition in connection with the K.C. Knife Cleaner.

The CITY LIFE Assurance Company, Ltd
HEAD OFFICE
CITY LIFE HOUSE,
Old Jewry, London, E.C.2
Telephone: CITY 9543
Assets Exceed - £1,000,000
Premium Income Exceeds £450,000
Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000
Advances Made Exceed £2,250,000
Managing Director,
LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

WHERE SUCCESS IS WAITING?
THE TARGET OF SUCCESS
(Pocket Diary 1923)
Will Inform YOU.
It contains WORDS OF WISDOM from MANY MINDS with HELPS TO SUCCESS.
Bid good-bye to FAILURE and SEND AT ONCE.
Post Free 3/6
THE HOME STUDY ASSOCIATION,
50, Ashby Street - NORWICH.

DO YOU SHAVE? YES!
Direct from our Factory, 1 Doz. Best Sheffield Steel Gillette Pattern Razor Blades, 2/6. Guaranteed British. "The Premier" perfect Blade Holder for Stropping ON ANY STROP Heavily Nickelled, with Ebonised Handle. Gives long life to your blades. Best and Simplest on the market 2/6 each.
A good Nickel Plated Safety Razor in case, with three double-edge Blades. Price only 2/-.
Any article postage paid The three forming a most useful Xmas Present ORDER NOW
PREMIER AGENCY CO., 29, New Bridge St., E.C.4

P.S.—Do not forget to buy . . .
JOHN BULL'S XMAS XTRA
6d. on Sale Everywhere.

INVALID WINS £1,000

Some Hints to New *Bullets* Competitors

MR. T. WOOLTORTON, A 9 Ward, Milton Infirmary, Portsmouth, winner of the £1,000 prize in *Bullets* No. 465, has made word competitions a hobby during years of illness. He is under treatment for consumption, but is now able to get up and hopes soon to be out and about again. The big prize will relieve many future anxieties: Mr. Wooltorton is leaving the institution, and intends to pay the Guardians for his treatment there. He has always relied on his own efforts in competitions, and has persevered with *Bullets* in spite of the criticism of sceptics, and as he says, "They who laugh last, laugh best." His advice to other competitors is to "stick it" and "to let one's mind run on topical events." Mr. Wooltorton was certainly quite up to date with his line: "Bit too Much—Expecting 'Return' from Mesopotamia." This expresses popular opinion on a much debated question by a simple direct double. The clever play on the word "return" shows neatly both the doubt as to the Government answering the cry to clear out of Mespot, and the unlikelihood of a stay proving profitable. This win proves that a topical turn to an example can give the necessary touch of originality which leads to substantial success. It is advisable, therefore, to consider the possibilities of current topics when making *Bullets*, but it must also be remembered that winning lines can be evolved without studying the questions of the day.

In October last the JOHN BULL *Bullets* Competition was ten years old, and the longest run of any newspaper skill contest was celebrated by record prizes. In the Competition closing on the 14th inst. we are awarding Christmas prizes larger than have ever been given. The first prize is £1,500, the second £250, and the third £100. Already the wits of many competitors have been busy with the forty examples given on Page 27, and there is still plenty of time to compete. The new hand is just as likely to win as the man or woman who has been an enthusiastic *Bulleteer* for years. It is all so simple. There are no awkward letter restrictions. It is only necessary to fit two, three or four words of apt and original comment to any one of the examples and a big prize may result. Winning lines in Competition No. 466 are given on the opposite page, and readers trying *Bullets* for the first time are recommended to study these as specimens of the type of line likely to win. There is no Royal road to success, for a topical, a humorous, or a homely domestic *Bullet* may succeed. But, above all, competitors should aim at originality.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"Bullets" Record Christmas Box!!!

£1,500

2ND PRIZE £250

10 PRIZES OF £5 — 10 PRIZES OF £2·10
50 PRIZES OF 10/- — 100 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 — 3,000 TARGET PRIZES

3RD PRIZE £100

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 466.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. J. MURPHY,
31, Salisbury Avenue, Barking.
Example:—TAXING CAPITAL
Bullet:—PATCHING TROUSERS FROM COAT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:
Mr. E. POSSON,
18, Widdrington Terrace, North Shields.
Example:—CAN'T BE HELPED
Bullet:—OPTIMIST'S PAST—PESSIMIST'S FUTURE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. JOHN F. LORD,
13, Pembroke Street, Rochdale, Bacup.
Example:—A CRIME
Bullet:—POISONING MINDS SHOULD BE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

JAMES BROWN, Tower Hill, Leigh, Westbury, Wilts.:
A STRUGGLE—KEEPING SMALL WARS SMALL.

EDWARD PARTINGTON, 24, King's Road, Prestwich, Manchester:
MIGHTY SORRY—BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT MIGHTIER

W. PEARCE, 56, Southborough Rd., S. Hackney, E.9:
SMILING THROUGH—PARK RAILINGS—SAFETY FIRST.

STANLEY G. MORSE, No. 9, Bulford Camp, Wiltshire:
GOOD FOR BUSINESS—ADMINISTERING WITHOUT ADDING MINISTERS.

S. THORPE, 93, Jarrow Street, Leicester:
HARMLESS—WINTER, WITH RIVIERA INCOME.

J. WALTERS, 69, Cocker Street, Blackpool, N.S.:
ON THE WARPATH—"SNIPERS" AT WESTMINSTER NOW.

J. GREGORY, 231, Camberwell New Road, S.E.5:
BIT MIXED—LABOUR—BARRISTERS AND HIGHBROWS.

ROBERT MINES, 3, Phillips Row, Oxford Road, High Wycombe, Bucks:
BIT MIXED—PACIFIST LEADING OPPOSITION.

THOMAS LEYDEN, 144, Gloucester Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
ASKING TOO MUCH—WIFE WANTS TOBACCO ALLOWANCE.

A. L. PADLEY, 6-7, Broad Street, Oxford:
FOR SALE—BUCKINGHAM PALACE—ON POSTCARDS.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. WILSON, 153, Upper Tooting Road, S.W. 17:
AFTER THE ELECTION—MOTHER SNIFFS AT TRAMS.

T. SCOTT, 178, Warwick Road, Carlisle:
ASKING TOO MUCH—PREACHING MORALITY—DENOUNCING DIVORCE.

R. MACE, 12, Dudley Park Road, Acock's Green Birmingham:
IN RIGHT PLACE—ABSENT-MINDED JURYMAN LEAVES DOCK.

J. S. REID, Vadlure Walls, Shetland, N.B.:
EMPIRE'S FUTURE—SAFEGUARDED BY GUARDED SALE.

C. REED, 51, Bloemfontein Avenue Shepherd's Bush, W. 12:
CAN'T BE HELPED—BRITISH WIRELESS NEVER KILLED.

J. ARMSTRONG, 78, King Alfred Street, Derby:
HIDE AND SEEK—TRUTH—PRESS DOES BOTH.

J. W. ORCHARD, 72, Bolton Rd., Clifton, Manchester:
IN A NUTSHELL—WHAT CANDIDATES DIDN'T PROMISE.

A. J. COOMBE, 24, Hyde Lane, Battersea, S.W. 11:
COMING BACK—SAME ROUTE—ROADHOG SELDOM.

E. PENNELL, Broadway Stores, Haslemere, Surrey:
CAN'T BE HELPED—ACCIDENT OUTSIDE AMBULANCE BOUNDARY.
(Sent in on free "Target" prize coupon.)

G. REID, King Street, Gunnislake, Cornwall:
MUCH IN LITTLE—IF OFF INCOME TAX.

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Forty examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—OUR BUSINESS. Bullet:—WANTS "GINGERING," THEN "PRESERVING." The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 468, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(468) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(468) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(468) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, December 14.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(468) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 468.

MY CHRISTMAS BOX
OUR SALVATION
SOONER THE BETTER
PARTY GAMES
HIDDEN TREASURE
BETWEEN TWO FIRES
IF
MAIDEN SPEECHES
ALL I WANT
A LONG STOCKING
LOVE
SOFT ANSWERS
HARD TO MASTER
CONTENTED STATE
PRICE OF FREEDOM
LOVELY LIAR
A WEE MISS
IMPOSSIBLE
WHEN WIFE'S ASLEEP
AUNT SALLY
BED OF ROSES
WHAT FATHER SAYS
DEAREST
FRIEND OR FOE
WORTH A TRIAL
GOLDEN DAWN
TWINS
HOW IT BEGAN
WET OR FINE
UNCALLED FOR
GOOD FEW
AT FIRST SIGHT
NOT BORN YET
STUFFING
TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT TIME
RAISING THE STANDARD
SUITABLE PRESENT
AT CHRISTMAS
A NEW TOY

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prizewinner in "Bullets" Competition No. 466, can now be seen in the window of Mr. Moore, St. Mary's Road, Kingston, Portsmouth.

A complete list of 150 Turkey Prizewinners in Competition No. 466, will be sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope. This list will also be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."

A list of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

CLARNICO

Father Mother Girls and Boys Here's the source of Xmas joys

The best way to ensure a "Merry Christmas" is to buy a 4-lb. tin of this delicious new Clarnico sweet. Then call all the party around you and "broadcast" the contents. Clarnico Lily Brazils (the new confection) are a delicious blend of choice Brazil nuts with sparkling cane sugar, rich butter and full cream milk.

Per **8d.** ½ lb.

Of all Confectioners.

Get an extra supply for Christmas and ensure a jolly good time.

Made by CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS Ltd., Victoria Pk., London. Founded in 1872.

CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS

THE NEW CONFECTION

LILY BRAZILS

Helpless and Wasted

For years a cripple, taken to school in invalid carriage, but now in splendid health, completely restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

NO mother need despair, however weak and ailing her little one may be, if she will use this remarkable restorative. Nerve failure, loss of appetite, malnutrition, general weakness and want of tone give place infallibly to bonny, chubby health, when Dr. Cassell's are used. The following case is typical of thousands of others :——

Miss Batcheldor, Trotwood, Blundeston, near Lowestoft, says :—"As a child I had infantile paralysis, and at fourteen hadn't got over it. My father used to carry me on his back, and often I went to school in an invalid carriage. I was practically powerless, particularly on the left side, and my left arm was much wasted. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and gradually could feel they were doing me good. Steadily power came back, I could walk freely, and soon was as active as any girl of my age. At present I feel in splendid health."

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Headache
Neuritis	Anæmia
Indigestion	Palpitation
Sleeplessness	Kidney Weakness
Neurasthenia	Children's Weakness
Nerve Pains	Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES, 1/3 and 3/-

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Your Trouble is INDIGESTION

IT IS NOT YOUR LIVER

CICFA restores DIGESTION

On holidays, when you are travelling, visiting or eating away from home, it is not the Liver—it is Bowel Indigestion which causes that troublesome CONSTIPATION. CICFA removes that trouble.

READ THE REASON WHY.

You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequently dosing it with purgatives, &c., and as a consequence your food is not digesting, but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel the Starchy part, like bread, potatoes, beans, &c., is formed into little hard, dry masses, or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation. Your Bile Circulation is defective. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel and carried on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy, it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms; therefore your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel.

Your blood becomes more impure, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica.

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp, Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.

INDIGESTION In Stomach

SYMPTOMS In Bowel.

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must remove that Indigestion by restoring digestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia.

Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage so that the upsetting of digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies, such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, &c., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, **while any remedy which can cure must ensure the Digestive Ferments to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.**

Cicfa can do this, because Cicfa gradually restores digestion along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa ensures digestion of the Albuminous food in the Stomach and the Starchy food in the Bowel, improves the Bile Circulation, checks fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood, the refuse is normal, and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, aids and induces the formation of such Digestive Ferments as Nature requires.

The following, like all our testimonials, was unsolicited :—

Morton House, Newmarket,
March 31st, 1921.

Dear Sirs,—I really must congratulate you upon your marvellous Cicfa, which, as a remedy for Indigestion, stands alone.

I have been a chronic sufferer for years, during which period I have tried practically everything obtainable, but, beyond getting a little relief for an occasional hour or so, I experienced no appreciable results until I was advised by a friend to give your preparation a trial.

This I did, and the first 1/3 tube convinced me that I was in possession of something quite out of the ordinary. I continued the treatment, and took in all five tubes, and I can safely say that I not only found relief, but a permanent cure. I say permanent, because it is now seven weeks since I finished the fifth tube, and I have not had the slightest recurrence of any of the previous distressing symptoms, notwithstanding that I now eat food that would have been entirely out of the question three months ago. Cicfa has restored my health completely, and I cannot recommend it in a too emphatic manner. It is all you claim for it—and more.

Yours faithfully,
HARRY McCALLA

Note.—You are at liberty to use this in any way you desire."

12,000 BRITISH DOCTORS

have taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you do not need to write for a sample, you can purchase Cicfa and commence using it immediately.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 & 3 -

THE CICFA CO.,
8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1

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